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STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

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HENRY M. STANLEY.

"Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those that sought him, sweet as summer."

BY those who are familiar with Stanley's career during the last twenty years the aptness of the quotation will be recognised. There are other points in "Good Griffiths'" portraiture of his fallen master which will suit both friends and foes of the man "of humble stock" who has risen to so much honour, and who has furnished the world with excitement for the last three years. Though Stanley has more in common with Wolsey than with Napoleon, to whom it is the fashion to compare him, neither analogy will bear pushing far. Stanley's character is in several aspects as unique as his career. Like the other two men, he is one of the great forces of his time. There is something Napoleonic in the swiftness of his movements and the magnitude of his successes, but that is about all; no doubt he is abnormal, but there is nothing monstrous about him. Napoleon had many worshippers, but that does not imply anything either godlike or humane; it is doubtful if any man ever loved him. No man who has achieved the brilliant successes which have fallen to the lot of Stanley could avoid making enemies: there are men who hate him. He is a man capable of strong attachments, but probably he has

never given his unreserved confidence to anyone. He has long ago taken to heart the advice of Burns to his young friend :—

"Aye keep something to yoursel'
Ye hardly tell to ony."

Yet few men have more or warmer friends. A well-known officer who has been on the most intimate terms with him, both on the Congo and in England, always speaks of him with intense tenderness. And this feeling he draws forth from men of all classes and the most varied types, black and white. No man can be more winning and sympathetic ; yet no one can be more freezing when he chooses. One does not need to know him personally to recognise that the man has plenty of humanity, and that, notwithstanding his practical aims, he often revels in sentiment. Read how he deals with the African natives ; how he can enter into the minds of chiefs or followers, adapting himself to their simple ways of thinking and speaking ; touch their strongest sentiments, and so stir them to an enthusiasm and devotion that will make them, in spite of fears and superstitions, brave the terrors of unknown rivers and cannibal-haunted forests in his company. True, it may be said that those dramatic records of interviews with Mtesa, and of his fervent addresses to his people when their zeal was flagging and their fears were threatening to get the better of them, are much indebted to the telling. Doubtless they are, and so indeed is the whole narrative of his great journey across the continent. But is it any the less trustworthy on that account? Another man might have done what Stanley did, and his story have been as tame as a globe-trotter's diary. And yet one cannot say that Mr. Stanley's style displays much literary art. The fact is, his style is the unstudied outcome of the man ; a sort of compound of Carlyle and the Bible ; the dramatic element always hovering about, intensity all-pervading. He himself may be taken as the type of Carlyle's hero as a man of action. Whatever else was on the table in the well-known room on the top floor of the old house in Sackville Street, a box of cigars, a map or two, and a volume of Carlyle were never absent. Carlyle is his guide, philosopher, and friend ; and that is the key to much of his conduct. But his diction is steeped in Biblical phraseology : with the old Book he is as familiar as he is with Carlyle, as witness the

speech he recently made at Zanzibar. Before he left England three years ago, on the Relief Expedition, he received many little mementoes from his friends. From one friend, who asked him what he would like, he begged for a small pocket Bible, which he said would be his daily companion. No one need infer from this that Stanley is a saint; he does not pretend to be one. But that Bible, we have it from one who was his constant companion in the Aruwimi forest, is scored and dog-eared on almost every other page, at passages that seemed apt to the many vicissitudes of the expedition.

It has been said that the man who loved Livingstone and whom Livingstone loved cannot surely be so bad as some of his detractors would make out: and the saying will bear repetition. The truth is the two men have much in common, even in outward feature. But the points of difference are probably more striking than the points of likeness. Stanley's head is squarer than was Livingstone's. His grey eye—flecked and darkened by years of the tropical heat of Central Africa—is that of a man of iron nerve, accustomed to take the measure in a second of every new comer at home and abroad, and to decide if he be friend or foe; tender and friendly enough when he is sure of his company, but capable of consuming fire when he is roused to wrath, as he himself admits he is only too ready to be. Livingstone was a man of peace, who always shrank from fighting; Stanley, too, prefers peace to war, but above all he loves to do what he has set his mind upon—what he regards as his duty—and woe to the man, white or black, that dares to obstruct his way. In no other temper could he have accomplished the great work which he has achieved in Africa. Livingstone never entirely dropped the missionary, and was throughout a Christian of the fine old Scottish type, whose charity, however, was greatly wider than his creed. Stanley, too, is Celt enough to have a strong religious, some might say superstitious, element in his nature; his allusions to "Providence" and the "guidance of God" may be taken as perfectly sincere. He, however, as we have said, makes no pretence to saintship, and values Christianity more as a civilising agency than as the only pathway to future bliss. But his training and his calling have been different from Livingstone's.

When little more than a boy he had to fight for his own hand in a land where competition is keen and merciless. As a newspaper correspondent he knew that success depended on his outstripping all his fellows, and he did it. In the *New York Herald* he was the first to tell the world of the fall of Magdala and the death of Theodore. This he effected by that careful attention to minute details of arrangement which characterises the highest generalship, and which has marked his whole African career. As an explorer he determined to do the biggest thing that was to be done in Africa, and he did it.

No doubt there are conditions existing now which render African exploration much more exciting to the outer world than it could have been in former years. Of old, and that is not so long ago, even in Livingstone's days, a traveller might disappear in the darkness of the Dark Continent and be no more heard of for months or years; no messages to the coast, and if there were, no telegraph to carry them red-hot to an expectant public at home. Now we seem to have our fingers on the pulse of an African expedition. Africa is covered with explorers, traders, slavers, missionaries, Mahdists, and caravans of one kind or another; so that it is difficult for an expedition to get entirely out of sight or hearing. Some message or some rumour is sure to reach the coast, which, tapped as it is at so many points on both sides, flashes the story at once to our breakfast-tables. So it is we are kept in a constant state of tension and expectancy which was impossible in the old days; and so it is that our shout of "Victory" goes forth when that tension finds relief in the assurance of safety and success. This will, no doubt, account to some extent for the world-wide excitement over Stanley's two great expeditions. But brush away the excitement, give all due weight to the petty and near-sighted criticisms of Stanley's methods, of his treatment of natives, and his bearing towards his staff, and the solid verdict of the world will still be that the man has done work which will cause his name to be for ever remembered with admiration. Without entering into details that are open to all, let us try briefly to recall what the character of that work has been.

Stanley had no thought of being anything more than an efficient newspaper correspondent, when on that memorable

October night, twenty years ago, as ever prompt and impatient of results, he entered Mr. Gordon Bennett's room in Paris, in obedience to a telegram which summoned him from Spain. He was then approaching his thirtieth year. As to the success of the Livingstone Search Expedition, so far as its immediate object is concerned, Livingstone's own testimony is unqualified and frequent. Stanley had not had four months' communion with the great explorer without receiving an education and an inspiration that led him to dream of great things for the future. Livingstone would doubtless tell his eager young friend of the great problems that still remained unsolved; of the three great fountains of the Nile that he believed must exist somewhere in the far south in the country west of Lake Bangweolo; of that great river which he had seen in his recent sojourn at Nyangwé, which swept "north, north, north," disappearing in the darkness of the primæval forest, sending, as Livingstone would fain believe, its tribute to the all-devouring Nile. No wonder that the enthusiasm of a man of Stanley's ambition and Bohemian nature was fired.

There is no need to dwell upon the unpleasant features of Stanley's reception on his return. He is a man who, with all his social qualities, lives very much within himself. The truth is that, for a man of his iron nerves and freedom of speech about others, Stanley is almost phenomenally sensitive; he himself told a friend that he believed he was the thinnest-skinned man in creation. Even friendly banter he is apt to take seriously. When his motives or his conduct in Africa are impugned it cuts him to the quick; if he has a suspicion that anything he may have done will wear a doubtful complexion to the outside world he is apt, in anticipation of attack, to hit out all round in self-defence. Hence what seems to those who do not know him the unprovoked harshness of some of his judgments.

Meantime, after the relief of Livingstone, he had to lapse once more into the *rôle* of the ordinary newspaper correspondent, in which capacity he did good work during the Ashanti war. Stanley returned just in time to be present as one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of his master, Livingstone, in Westminster Abbey, in April, 1874. The brave old man had left unsolved all the problems which

he had so often discussed with Stanley in the verandah at Ujiji, and while exploring the north end of Lake Tanganyika. The inspiration was rekindled more intensely than ever by the death of the master. What task could be more glorious than to complete the work of Livingstone? What work available for a man like Stanley would more surely lead to enduring fame? This was a very different thing from a relief expedition, and Stanley went about it in a different way. He got together all the books and maps he could lay hands on (over 130 of the former) and mastered the situation; he steeped his mind in African lore. Old Dapper would tell him of the great lakes and rivers and empires which the geographers of the seventeenth century described in the minutest detail, and of which we have heard much in connection with the recent troubles on the Zambesi. No need now to discuss this fanciful geography, some of which is as old as the time of Ptolemy. There is such a thing as effective exploration, just as there is effective occupation. When serious exploration began, nothing was to be done with this fantastic geography but sweep it off the map. Over a century ago the map of Africa, except around the coasts, was a great blank. When Stanley entered on his second expedition, that blank had been greatly reduced by the efforts of such men as Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, and Livingstone; but there still remained a wide area in the western half of the continent some ten degrees on each side of the equator almost virgin white, in which some of the greatest problems in the geography of Africa awaited solution. The greatest of them all Stanley resolved to unravel, if Cameron had not already done it, for by this time Cameron was on his way across Africa. The expedition cost the *Telegraph* and *Herald* just £11,000, almost the same sum as Cameron's much less fruitful attempt cost the Royal Geographical Society. No doubt Stanley could not have done his great work without ample means; but a good deal more is required to win a campaign than a huge army and lavish armaments.

By the end of 1874, Stanley was once more at Zanzibar. Before he attacked the great problem on the solution of which he had set his mind, there were several minor but important points in the geography of the Great Lake region which he resolved to put right, but into which we need not enter. What

impressed the general public more than anything else were the graphic reports which he sent home of his long interviews with the clever, if somewhat artful, King Mtesa of Uganda. The missionary public was inflamed; here, Stanley told us, was a splendid field for Christian enterprise; the response was immediate, and the results far-reaching. Stanley has always shown himself favourable to missionary work; but, as we have said, he regards Christianity mainly from its civilising and not from its doctrinal side. With missionaries of the Moffat and Livingstone stamp, with men like Mackay of Uganda, who begin by working and end by preaching, he has every sympathy. With those men who are constantly appealing through their missionary organs for a supply of chasubles, chalices, and altar-cloths, new bells and silver candlesticks, to flaunt before the naked savages of Central Africa, he has no patience. Of religious pretentiousness and priestcraft he has a horror; and when he meets with them he is not slow to castigate them, as some of the missionaries on the Congo know to their cost. Bishop Hannington, he is persuaded, deliberately threw away his life. When Stanley was at Cairo, three years ago, on his way to Zanzibar, he was much with Sir Evelyn Baring. One day at lunch, at Sir Evelyn's, when many of the staff were present, Stanley was "on the talk," as the teller of the story puts it. He was discussing the chief routes to Uganda, the north route and the south route, and Hannington's folly in taking the former. "Verily, verily, I say unto you," broke out Stanley, "Bishop Hannington longed to be a martyr. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Bishop Hannington took the north route, and became a martyr. Verily, verily, I say unto you, had Bishop Hannington taken the south route he would have been alive unto this day." This is another illustration of his tendency to slip into the phraseology of the Bible. Stanley is not only an explorer. He is also ambitious to be a pioneer of civilisation in Africa. Whether civilisation in the European sense is good for the African we need not inquire; many men of keen observation and sound judgment think not; but then it is not the good of the African alone we are bound to consider. It is this motive that makes Stanley so anxious to see the right kind of missionary in Africa; it was on this account he wished to see his own great river utilised as a highway for com-

merce; it was this which led him to take part in the founding of the Congo Free State.

There was one incident connected with Stanley's visit to Uganda and his voyage on the Victoria Nyanza which called forth bitter comments from certain quarters. He is, as we have said, extremely sensitive to criticism. In this case he felt the attacks made upon him as keenly as he did the incredulity with which his story of finding Livingstone was met. He has long ago made up his mind that any expedition has a perfect right to walk unmolested through Central Africa if it does so peacefully; that it has a right to supplies if paid for; that if attacked it is bound not only to defend itself but to give its foes such a beating that they won't forget it, and will think twice before they attack a peaceful white man's party again. Central Africa is a no man's land; the populations are continually shifting; with one or two exceptions there is no organised government; the only right recognised is that of might—as it is under more or less disguised forms elsewhere. Every man who has been in Central Africa, including some of our best missionaries, takes Stanley's view. It is the inevitable policy, if Africa is ever to be opened up to the outside world. Had Stanley not adopted it, the Congo would not yet be on our maps. Over the particular instance in question, the punishment of the natives of Bambireh Island for wantonly attacking his party and other iniquities, a great cry was raised in certain ultra-philanthropic circles when the account was published in the *Telegraph*. That Stanley felt keenly the hard things said about him is certain. In his published narrative he fully explains the incident and his own policy, and in the eyes of reasonable men he stands justified. That he himself possesses a *mens conscia recti* as to this and similar occurrences is evident from the frank and full way in which he states the facts; he has done nothing which he believes requires to be concealed.

Stanley's normal treatment of the natives, and especially of his own followers, is of the most fatherly character; but fatherly in the old sense of tempering love with discipline. No man knows better how to manage African natives; they are children of the most undeveloped type, and as such he treats them. Herein he had Livingstone as his master; but Livingstone, to his cost, omitted the

discipline, and, as Stanley said, thus laid himself open to all sorts of abuses. Stanley has never made this mistake. The native's sense of justice is keen ; and justice to all has been Stanley's motto. It is this tenderness and patience, combined with justice, that has made him so successful in his dealings with natives. Such a disaster as that which happened to Major Barttelot, or to the German planters on the east coast, is impossible in his case, or in the case of any man who knows how to treat natives properly.

An officer who was constantly with Stanley on the Congo, when in the employment of the King of the Belgians, speaks with admiration of his method of dealing with the natives. With untiring patience he would endeavour to make them understand what he wanted, show them how to do things, help them out of any difficulties in their way, so long as he was convinced that they were tractable and willing. But if either white or black exhibited any tendency to shirk their duty or to thwart Mr. Stanley's plans, his language was more stinging than scorpions. At the same time, as all who have been in the malarial atmosphere of Central Africa know, a deduction of at least 50 per cent. must be made from the hard words of a man who writes or speaks within its irritating influence.

But let us try to estimate, briefly, the feat which it is universally admitted entitles Stanley to be regarded as the greatest of living African explorers, and to be placed among the first rank in the history of African discovery.

"The greatest problem of African geography was left untouched at the exact spot where Dr. Livingstone had felt himself unable to prosecute his travels, and whence he had retraced his steps to Ujiji, never to return to Nyangwé. This was momentous and all-important news to the expedition. We had arrived at the critical point of our travel : our destinies now waited my final decision."

. . . . . .

" It is of no use, Frank. We'll face our destiny, despite the straws and the rupees. With your help, my dear fellow, I will follow the river."

All who have read Mr. Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent* will recall the memorable scene, pictured as only Stanley could picture it, in the dimly-lighted hut on the outskirts of Nyangwé, in

the heart of Africa, on an evening in October, 1876. Just about two years before, Cameron had been face to face with the same great problem, the solution of which would ensure undying fame. For three weeks did Cameron try to persuade the Nyangwé traders to sell or lend him canoes, but he was not strong enough to force the situation, and turning his back on the problem drifted pleasantly southwards to Juma Merikani's. Five years and a half before, the wearied Livingstone looked upon this three thousand yards wide river, and longed to launch himself upon its spacious bosom and follow it whithersoever it went. But he was no longer the Livingstone of old. His vigour was wasted and his spirit anguished by the Arab cruelties of which he was compelled to be a daily witness. With the crowded map of Central Western Africa before us, as it is in the present year, it is difficult to throw our vision backwards fifteen years and realise what it was when Stanley began his work of exploration. A little maid was doing her geography lesson the other evening. A brand new map of Africa was before her, and she was puzzling her way among the maze of names. "Dear me," said her mother, looking over her shoulder, "what a different thing the map of Africa is now from what it was when I was young. When I was at school all the map was white, except round the coast, and we had only a few names to learn." "Oh, yes," said the girl, looking at the subject from the schoolgirl's standpoint, "it's all that horrid man Stanley." This is a new light in which to view the filling up of Central Africa.

It is easy enough for us to say now that there could have been no room for doubt that the river which passed Nyangwé, over one and a half miles wide, must be the Congo; where else could such a river find an outlet but in the Atlantic? But men who were old enough at the time to take an interest in such matters will remember that very grave doubts indeed existed as to the true course of the Lualaba after it entered the great blank beyond Nyangwé. Whoever set himself to solve the problem entered upon the biggest bit of the unknown that remained not only in the Dark Continent, but, outside the polar circles, on the face of our globe, every corner of which, alas! will soon be shred of that mystery which not so long ago covered the greater part of it, made the world seem so vast, and

afforded ample room for the talent of the fanciful geographers of the past, though the race is not quite extinct. "A secret rapture filled my soul as I gazed upon the majestic stream. The great mystery that for all these centuries Nature had kept hidden away from the world of science was waiting to be solved. . . . My task was to follow it to the ocean." That was Stanley's decision. Fascinating as was the prospect, sure as was the glory that would follow success, the attempt was one of unlimited peril, and no man could be blamed for abandoning it. But, apart from the Pole, here was the one remaining chance for a man to have his name enrolled among the world's greatest explorers. There was much other good work which he might have done, but the one road to greatness, and the one path of duty, lay down that river, and it was not possible for a man of Stanley's calibre to take any other.

When he arrived at Nyangwé and found that Cameron had contented himself with getting across the continent anyhow, Stanley was filled with a joy unspeakable; he felt that that Providence who he tells us has been his special protector in his recent expedition had reserved for him this last and greatest piece of exploring work in Africa. We need not follow him into the forest. The hazard and romance of the situation in the heart of the continent, with the great river sweeping past into unknown blackness, perhaps through virgin forests and swamps, peopled with cannibals and heaven knows what other horrors, find apt expression in the famous lines put into the mouth of Ulysses by Tennyson, and quoted by Stanley himself in connection with this great crisis in his own career and in the history of African discovery. We need not quote them. Anyone can follow the modern Ulysses in the Odyssey of the adventure which he himself has written. In eight months he was out in the Atlantic, after having traced on the map of Africa the broad artery to which all else in this region is subsidiary: he had filled into the great blank its leading feature.

No doubt Stanley's fame is due to some extent to the field in which his exploits have been performed; for there still remain a mystery and romance about Africa such as exist in no other continent. While that was partly his good fortune, it was also partly his own good guidance. No doubt, also, as has already been pointed

out, much is due to the fact that he knows so well how to tell his story. If a man cannot make us realise what he has done, we cannot be blamed for under-estimating the value of his work. The eight months' journey of this motley flotilla of natives, under the guidance of a solitary white man, down the sixteen hundred miles of this unknown river, its banks lined with hostile savages, and its course broken by miles of cataracts, is probably unexampled. The accuracy of Stanley's observations, hastily as they often had to be taken, has been tested and proved in all essential features.

This journey down the Congo has had momentous results. It may be regarded as the starting point of that scramble for Africa which has led to the partition of the bulk of the continent among the Powers of Europe. No sooner had Stanley set foot in Europe than he was laid hold of by the King of the Belgians, as the emissary of whom he was, a few months later, once more on the way to his own river to begin that undertaking which ultimately led to the founding of the Congo Free State. Into the merits and the prospects of this strange enterprise it is not our business to enter. Here Stanley's exceptional powers as organiser and administrator had ample scope. With an energy and at a rate that took away the breath of his subordinates, he set about carrying out the purpose of his master, the King of the Belgians. Stanley himself is a man of so robust a constitution, of such superabundant energy, so impatient to see results, and so bent on accomplishing at all hazards what he considers his duty, that he has little sympathy with those who may possess these qualities in less measure than himself. With English and Americans, if they were in earnest about their work and sought not in any way to impinge upon his sphere as chief, Stanley as a rule got on very well. Some of them became his devoted friends and worshippers. But the Belgian officers, as a whole, did not like him. Stanley's ceaseless energy did not suit their easy-going ideas as to what life in the Tropics should be; his patient and gentle treatment of the bewildered natives did not commend itself to men who knew of no argument but such as the rifle carries to address to people of an inferior race. Moreover, they disliked to see a foreigner ruling a region which they regarded as their own. With astonishing rapidity Stanley made hundreds of treaties with the chiefs along

that river, down which not many months before he had had to run the gauntlet through hordes of savages. Stations were established along both sides; clearings were made; steamers were placed upon the river; missionaries began their work; great tributaries north and south were explored, and an infant trade nourished. Had Stanley continued to be the soul of this stupendous enterprise there would have been some hope of substantial results. Without him, or a man of his calibre and indifference to everything but what concerns the welfare of the enterprise, it is difficult to see that, under the conduct of Belgian officials, anything but collapse is in store for the Congo Free State. If so, no blame can be laid upon Stanley, who did his utmost to carry out the great enterprise of the King of the Belgians. Let us hope that his administrative capacity may have an even more hopeful sphere, and that in a region where British interests have reached a crisis and require the most careful looking after. If Mr. Stanley chooses to accept the position, he may become the first Governor of British East Africa. True, he is not now a subject of her Majesty, but, as everyone knows, he is a Briton born, and it might not be difficult to induce him to repatriate himself.

Stanley is a man of action above all; there lies his strength, and there also do we find the source of his weakness—his tendency towards intolerance for the conduct of men of different make from himself. He, being a man of prompt decision, cannot see why other men should have any difficulty at a critical moment in making up their minds how to act. It may be deficiency in imagination, or it may be defective sympathy; whatever it is, we suppose it is an inevitable concomitant of the resistless energy and singleness of aim which are his supreme characteristics when he has undertaken to accomplish any object. When what he considers to be his duty lies before him, no consideration for friend or foe will induce him to swerve from the straight path. Were it otherwise, were he a man of more toleration for the weaknesses and scruples of others, it is doubtful if ever he would have accomplished what he has done. It was no wonder that the men at Yambuya Camp believed him dead and parted his raiment; for all but a few of the staunchest believers in Stanley's immortality "till his work be done" gave him

up for lost more than a year ago. As to Emin, his real estimate of the man may be seen in his words to the Khedive; it is generous, if discriminating.

But it is over. We have brought out the man whom all the world (including, be it remembered, Emin himself) believed to be in imminent danger of being consumed by the hordes of the Mahdi; we have had an example of patient endurance and unflinching energy in the accomplishment of a noble purpose, hardly equalled even in the melancholy annals of African exploration. That the result has been disappointing, Stanley can in no sense be held to blame. We have had great geographical problems solved, a new region brought within the pale of human knowledge, fresh light let into the recesses of the Dark Continent, and all due to the supreme capacity of one man of action. Stanley has left no African enterprises in the future equal in magnitude to those which he himself has accomplished; none outside the Arctic circles that could be compared with the descent of the Congo. The next great geographical sensation in store for humanity is the return of the man who shall have reached the North Pole.

Not even his enemies can deny that Stanley is one of the great forces of our time. Those who take broad and far-sighted views of human transactions, those who can brush aside the inevitable, if annoying, sparks, and see only the welding into shape of the crude bar on the anvil, will recognise that the many-sided work which Stanley has initiated in Africa must have for its outcome the welfare of the race as a whole. Africa's time has come; all the other continents have, more or less, been brought within the sphere of European influence. Men like Stanley are wanted to do promptly and thoroughly the pioneer work. His force is not abated, and where in the future could he find better scope for it than on the continent where he has done so much good work? Let us hope that his services may be secured in the interests of his native land.

TITHES.

IT will be generally conceded that the Government have been induced to attempt legislation upon the Tithe question for two special reasons : one, the discontent among the payers of tithe, and the other, the outcome of that discontent in the refusal to pay the tithe rent-charge in parts of Wales, and the consequent sufferings of the Welsh clergy. The latter, indeed, appears to be the chief reason which has urged the Government forward, and the complaints of the Welsh clergy have evidently greater weight with the present Cabinet than those of the farmers. It is proposed by the Bill now before Parliament to provide three remedies for existing evils. One of these is to substitute the County-court procedure for distraint in the case of unpaid tithe rent-charge; the second, to provide that the rent-charge shall henceforth be paid by the owner himself instead of through the occupier; the third, to facilitate the redemption of the rent-charge. There is no attempt whatever to provide for the reduction of the rent-charge when it bears a totally undue proportion to the value of the land, save and except the provision that if it actually exceeds the ratable value after a special assessment it shall or may be brought down to that value. The aim and object of the Bill is to facilitate and ensure the collection of the tithe rent-charge, and the contention of the opponents of the measure is that it would have been more just as well as more politic to have placed the tithe upon a fairer basis first, instead of driving into opposition men who, if this were once done, would have willingly agreed to the other changes proposed by the Government.

But before we proceed to discuss these changes it is necessary to deal, as briefly as may be, with the general subject of tithes, which are regarded in very different lights by the parties concerned

in the controversy. Upon the one hand, we are told that tithes are not only property, but sacred property, dedicated to the service of the Almighty, and not to be touched without sin. The same authorities insist that tithe is no burden, that the owners of land have no right to complain of it as such, because they paid so much the less for their property on account of its existence, and that it is into their pockets, and not into the pockets of the farmers, that the tithe would go if it were abolished or reduced in amount. Those who hold these views do not scruple to impute to their opponents that their opposition to the present system is based upon ignorance or covetousness, and that only ungodly and irreligious men can really desire to interfere with tithes. On the other hand, there are two distinct bodies of opponents who claim to be actuated by motives as unselfish and as conscientious as the champions of the present system.

First, we have those who object to all State payments for religion, and secondly, those who object to the unequal and oppressive nature of the tithe rent-charge as at present levied. Both these bodies are forced into one camp by the line taken by the defenders of tithes, and the better the question is understood the larger this camp is likely to become. For the property argument of the tithe defenders, if fairly examined, tells heavily against themselves. Lord Selborne, one of their most staunch supporters, says in a recent work that "there was certainly no general appropriation of tithes to parish churches made by any law ever enacted in England," but that "it was by means of express and particular grants of this kind" by individuals, "each parish church obtained a title to the parochial tithes." Now, as it is beyond doubt that these "individuals" were Catholics, it amounts almost to a certainty that they intended their bequests to be employed for Catholic objects, and especially in Masses to be said or sung for the souls of the faithful departed. But inasmuch as the Anglican Church holds Purgatory to be "a fond thing vainly invented," and Masses to be "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," her clergy cannot and do not carry out the wishes of the charitable donors. I was denounced by a reverend gentleman, in a letter to the *Times*, for having uttered "a libel" against the clergy of the Established

Church in having made the above statement. It seems to me that I should have been guilty of a libel if I had stated the contrary. Nor is it any answer to me that chantries were dissolved and given to the Crown and not the Church in the reign of Henry VIII. Although that monarch gave to laymen a large share of the plunder, sundry bishoprics were endowed from the same sources. Moreover, the old county histories of England teem with records of benefactions in land and money for Catholic purposes, which go a long way to show what were the objects and conditions for and upon which parochial tithes were originally granted by individuals to the Church. It is very far from my wish or intention to "libel" so deserving and zealous a body as the clergy of the Church of England; but I do say most emphatically that their claim to the tithes as property rests only upon the will of the nation which, endorsing their rejection of the supremacy of Rome and of the doctrines which caused these bequests to be made, has allowed them to retain this property, subject to any other exercise of the same will which may at any time appear desirable for national interests.

Argument, however, upon this point, appears the less necessary when we remember that in 1836 the nation did absolutely take the matter into its own hands, and passed the Act which we are now solemnly told was "a bargain for all time." The circumstances under which that Act was passed have been variously stated and not a little misrepresented. It is widely and confidently stated that the landowners made a good bargain for themselves and that a heavy loss was suffered by the Church. The real facts are by no means such as to justify this view of the case. The truth is (though it is now conveniently forgotten) that the clergy of those days were very different from the clergy of to-day. Those were the days of Pluralists, of non-resident clergy, of "fox-hunting parsons," and of a growth of nonconformity which naturally followed. The change from those days to these has been one for which we cannot be too thankful, and has undoubtedly increased the influence of the Church to an enormous extent. But at the time of the Tithe Commutation Act the unpopularity of the clergy in many of the rural districts was considerable, and it was not lessened by the annoying and inconvenient system of taking tithe in kind. It is not too much to

say that the friction caused by this system had become so intolerable that the very existence of the Establishment would have been threatened by its continuance, and that the settlement of 1836 was most politic on the part of the friends of the Church. I do not believe that figures upon these subjects convince anyone, and I therefore seek to avoid them. But it is an undoubted fact—when we call to mind that the tenth part of the gross produce of the titheable land had to be seized, carried home, housed, and prepared for market by the tithe-owner (to say nothing of the expenses of tithe barns, &c.)—that in many cases the cost of collection amounted to from 40 to 50 per cent. of the value actually received, and that the gain in loss of friction, in security of payment, and in saving of expenses, made the settlement of 1836 by no means a bad bargain for the clergy. There were, of course, inequalities in that settlement, which are to be regretted. The tithe rent-charge was taken at the average receipts of the clergyman during the past seven years. The consequence was that the man who had looked closely after his "tenths" came off much better than the man who had been lenient in his dealings with his parishioners. However, the Act was passed, and the settlement might have lasted much longer than it is likely to do if the whole circumstances of the agricultural world had not been revolutionised. This it is which the supporters of the present system seem to ignore, but which, sooner or later, they will have to recognise. The farmer, whether he be a tenant or an owner, looks upon the tithe rent-charge in its present form as a burden upon the cultivation of his land. Is it so, or is it not? "No!" cries the tithe-owner. "It is no burden—it is a charge upon the landowner, and one of which he knew when he bought his land, and of which he has no right to complain." Stop a moment. If the landowner knew of this charge, he also knew of the existence of laws which protected him from foreign competition and maintained the price of the produce of his land. Therefore he has as much right as anyone could well have to complain that the laws which enabled him to meet the charge have been swept away, whilst the law which imposes the charge remains.

But let us try to take a wider and broader view of the whole

question. The primary object to which agricultural land should be devoted is the growth of the food of the people. Anything which interferes with that object, and prevents the development of the resources of the soil, is against the interests of the country. There are three things which operate in this manner at the present moment. Rent, tithe rent-charge, and rates. Rates are levied for public objects, and I have nothing to do with them in relation to the present question. Rent is a question between the owner and occupier, which is one mainly regulated by demand and supply. Not many years ago, a vacant farm in a good county had twenty applicants for it. Now, one applicant may constantly take his choice between twenty farms. Judicial rents for England have not yet been suggested, and whilst this is so landowners and occupiers may be left to settle the matter of rent between themselves. But, call the tithe rent-charge "property" or not, the fact remains that it is a charge imposed by Act of Parliament, and by Parliament, if at all, it must be dealt with. The tithe-owner throws up his hands in indignation, and declares that any alteration or reduction will simply benefit the landowners. Let me grapple with this question fairly. People who write upon the tithe-owners' side upon this question appear to have before their eyes nothing but the owners of considerable estates and their tenants, who now pay the tithe rent-charge and who, in the opinion of these writers, would still have to pay it, to their landlord instead of to the tithe-owner. I must own, of course, that a readjustment and reduction of the tithe rent-charge would, in some instances benefit this class of landowners, though not, I believe, by any means to the extent which is supposed by those who have not looked closely into the question. Depend upon it, the tenant-farmers of England are well able to take care of themselves, and the larger landowners would most gladly consent that their tenants should reap the greater portion of the benefit of any reduction of this charge. But there is a most important question which should be asked at this point, namely, do these larger landowners constitute the whole, or even the bulk of the class now aggrieved? By no means. There are many landowners of moderate estates and slender means, and in addition to these there are an immense number of small owners and yeomen

upon whom the tithe rent-charge falls with cruel severity, and who seem to be ignored by the writers on the side of the tithe-owners. As I have stated elsewhere, the Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking on the Tithe Bill of 1887, stated that out of 58,000 persons who paid tithe to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, no less than 37,000 were owners, and that in a few parishes which had been tested, 704 out of 883 tithe-payers were also owners of the land on which they paid. If this evidence is insufficient, let me recommend the doubtful to inspect the Parliamentary return of the owners of land in England and Wales published in 1876. I take at random two counties, Berkshire and Kent. In the former I find that out of 3,068 persons owning more than one acre of land each, only 161 are the owners of 500 acres. In Kent, putting aside some 26,000 persons who own less than one acre, there are 7,758 who own land, and of these 322 own more, and 7,436 own less—most of them much less—than 500 acres.

Be it remembered, moreover, that these smaller owners are precisely the class which we are nowadays told to desire and to encourage, and yet this is the class which the combined weight of tithe rent-charge and rates is tending to exterminate, and which the Government Bill only recognises in order to increase their present difficulties by adding personal liability from which they are at present exempt. Nor was there ever a more foolish idea than that anything is to be gained by enacting that the owner and not the occupier is to be the person who actually pays over the rent-charge to the tithe-owner. The object of this change is stated to be the wish to get rid of the "friction" between the clergyman and his parishioners, and to show the occupier that the charge is one not upon him, but upon the owner. But there is probably not a single occupier, from one end of the country to the other who does not perfectly well know that the tithe rent-charge is a *charge upon the land*, and who will not still know it just as well when the convenient arrangement is terminated by which he paid the charge, being always on the spot, and paid so much less rent in consequence of doing so. I venture to say that the difficulties of tithe collection have very seldom come from the tenants of the larger landowners throughout England, and that this flourish before

our eyes of the wonderful improvement to be effected by making the landowner pay the tithe direct to the tithe-owner is merely a blind, which may deceive some members of Parliament, but which will not deceive the farmers. They will know well enough of the existence of the charge, and to whom it is paid, and the Bill itself takes care that they should not forget it. For wherever the charge is now paid through the hands of the occupier, the owner is to pay it, *and the amount is to be added to the rent*, so that at every rent-audit the rent-charge will be ear-marked, and the occupier's attention will be specially called to it. It would almost seem as if the authors of the Bill had devised their plan not so much to avoid friction between parson and parishioner, as to create it between landlord and tenant. The idea, of course, is that, in a few years' time arrangements will be generally made between landlord and tenant, by which one payment will be made by the latter to the former, which, under the name of "rent," will cover rent and tithe rent-charge, so that the tenant will soon lose sight of the latter payment. This might possibly be the case, if the amount were small relatively to the rent. But this is not so. I take at random two farms within my own knowledge. One, with 243 acres, has a rent of £240, which, after deduction for Property-tax and average repairs, leaves the landlord about £220. The tithe rent-charge for this year is something over £62, or rather more than a fourth of the net rent. Another farm, for which the owner gave £5,000 and received £200 gross rent, has for some years been reduced to £130, and the tithe rent-charge comes to about one-third of the rent. These are everyday cases, and in such a state of things, when application is made for further reductions, or expenditure upon repairs, it will be a necessity on the part of the owner to keep distinctly before the tenant's eyes the fact that there is a large proportion of the rent which goes into somebody else's pocket, and upon which, therefore, he can give no reduction, and from which no assistance can be expected towards repairs. In such cases it is easy to imagine a good deal of "friction" and heart-burning between the owners of small properties and their tenants under the proposals of the present Bill, and there will be a further inconvenience which does not seem to have been noticed. It has been a very general

custom on the part of landowners to give their tenants several months' credit; that is to say, that the half-year's rent due at Lady Day is constantly not demanded until July, and many landowners are even then content with less than the half, provided that a settlement is made at Christmas of all the rent due at Michaelmas. But if the landowner is to pay the tithe rent-charge—that is to say, if one individual is to pay several hundred pounds which have been heretofore paid by a dozen or twenty tenants, a prompter payment of rent will be necessary, and less credit will be given. The tenants will know well enough that this disagreeable change has taken place because the squire has to pay down the rent-charge on the day it is due, as he will be expected to do, and it is difficult to see how the "friction" between parson and parishioner will be softened or removed by this change. The truth is that the occupiers of land, be they owners or not, are not to be hoodwinked by this pretended shifting of a payment from one person to another, which is simply an interference with private arrangements between owners and occupiers without affecting the incidence of the tax in one direction or another.

For a tax it is, to all intents and purposes, and the days are past when such taxes could be imposed upon people without greater justification than can be shown for the present system of tithe rent-charge. The agricultural community may be patient and long-suffering, but they will make their voices heard ere long, and some of our politicians who have hitherto posed as "farmers' friends" will have to prove their title to this appellation. It must not be thought that the owners and occupiers of land desire for one moment that land should escape its fair share of taxation imposed for the benefit of the whole community. But in these days of enlightened progress they feel that they have a right to appeal to the common sense and common justice of their countrymen against the intolerable burden imposed upon them by ecclesiastical pretensions. What is their claim? In the first place, that as their business is mainly concerned in producing the food of the people, they should not be unduly weighted and handicapped in their competition with foreigners similarly engaged. In the second place, that in dealing with this question as a whole, account should be taken of the widely

different circumstances of the present day from those of the times in which tithes were granted. These grants were originally made in support of a National Church, when one Church alone was known, when the whole community, therefore, might be held to share the benefit, and when the land from which the tithes came was the chief property of the country. Such is no longer the case. Many other religious denominations have come into existence and support themselves, whilst at the same time many other interests have sprung up, far more wealthy than those which depend upon the land. It is unjust, therefore, that a burden originally imposed for the benefit of the whole community should be exclusively borne by one species of property and exclusively devoted to one religious body. Indeed, I feel perfectly sure that if those who have introduced the present Bill could have their way they would not hesitate to deal with this question in such a manner as to place a portion at least of the expenses of the Established Church upon the general taxation of the country. If the taxpayers of the country desire to support an Established Church, the proceeds of one penny in the Income-tax would enable them to do so, and relieve the agricultural community of one-half its burdens. Of course this notion will be treated with derision ; but the stubborn fact remains that if the people desire to maintain an Established Church they would not grudge the money, and that if they grudge the money it is because they have no such desire. The reason why the proposal is not made is because the Government knows they could not carry it through Parliament, and, being fearful of offending their clerical supporters throughout the country, they live on in the hope that the injustice to which the agricultural community have hitherto submitted will still be endured and that their patience will not be worn out before the General Election. The Government may, however, be assured, not only that their hope is delusive, but that by proposing their present measure as a sop to the Welsh clergy, and neglecting the farmers, and especially the yeomen and small owners, they are daily adding to the ranks of those who prefer disestablishment to an establishment supported by an oppressive impost upon a portion of the people. Of course it will be urged that the clergy cannot afford the loss of income which would be entailed upon them by any serious

reduction of the amount now paid them under the head of tithe rent-charge. This may be freely admitted, as also the fact that they spend their incomes in a manner worthy of commendation. But these things afford no justification for the imposition of a heavy burden upon one of the great industries of the country. It is idle to talk of tithes as the property of the clergy in the same sense that rents (which are the interest of the money they have spent in purchasing the land) are the property of the landowners, great and small. The clergy have no real connection with the land; they have paid nothing for it; they do none of the repairs upon it; and, moreover, in many parishes the tithes are paid to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and only a small part of them is expended in the parishes in which they are levied. The truth is that a total revision of the manner in which the clergy are paid is required by the altered circumstances of the times. The parochial system has done its work. Land can in no case bear an increase of taxation. A reduction must be sought where it can be fairly given, and if Lord Salisbury's Government determine upon dealing with this question with the sole view of enforcing the present system, and of helping the Welsh clergy, without any consideration for the farmers and small owners throughout the country, they must not be surprised if they find that these aggrieved and neglected classes seek new allies and support fresh reforms. It may be well to bear in mind that in London itself, where the Church of England is mainly supported by voluntary payments, her position, relatively to dissent, is stronger than in any other part of the country, and it is by no means certain that the relief of the agricultural community from an oppressive amount of taxation, raised for the support of the Church, even if unaccompanied by any appeal to general taxation, would not evoke an amount of voluntary effort among Churchmen which would more than counterbalance the pecuniary loss incurred by the performance of this act of justice to the food-growers of the country.

BRABOURNE.

FASTING AND ITS PHYSIOLOGY.

SUCCI'S fast, an experiment by no means novel, but of a very dangerous character, has excited an amount of interest out of all proportion to any scientific value it may possess. Ten years ago a similar feat was performed in America, and Dr. Tanner must have been fully gratified with the notoriety he achieved. He is said, however, to have died some twelve months after his prolonged fast, and doubtless from its effects, for had he not been originally a strong and healthy man he would not have been able to persevere with the experiment. His success was not sufficient to render his experiment a favourite one; the inducement in some form or other must be enormous to cause a sane man to endure such great and prolonged suffering.

The human body in some respects resembles a steam-engine; it performs work and requires fuel in the shape of food, which, when converted into tissue, furnishes the motor power, the quantity of food required varying with the work done. We may assume that a ploughman requires more food than a tailor, just as a locomotive burns more fuel than a small engine. When very little work of any kind is done a very little food goes a long way; if food be withheld altogether the machine does not stop, for the body itself can be used to supply the fuel, without the necessity for immediate restoration by means of food. The body, therefore, differs from an engine in one very essential point; the latter cannot consume as fuel the materials of which it is composed, but all its power is derived from the coal or coke in the furnace, and is in direct proportion to the amount consumed. When the supply of fuel is exhausted the machine stops. The animal organism, on the contrary, consumes its own body; it burns its tissues, and not its

food; but the latter is required to make good the loss. Long after the food has been transformed into the solids and liquids of the living body the animal organism can go on working and manifesting all its ordinary powers. There is, however, a limit to this consumption of the tissues; the man who takes no food resembles a spendthrift who lives upon his capital—when the latter is exhausted the end comes. Meanwhile, in the case of the fasting man, the gradual destruction of his tissues is attended by very marked changes.

The symptoms of fasting have been very carefully studied by means of experiments upon animals, and the information thus obtained has enabled us better to comprehend the phenomena displayed by human beings when deprived of food. The following were the principal symptoms noticed by M. Chossat, a French investigator. The animals remain calm during the first half or two-thirds of the period, they then become more or less agitated, and this state continues so long as their temperature remains fairly high. Some hours before death the temperature rapidly falls, and the animal becomes still and remains in any position in which it is placed. As the coldness becomes more marked the weakness increases, the breathing becomes slower, and insensibility gradually passes into death. One important fact must not be overlooked, inasmuch as it illustrates the risks to which Succi and others expose themselves. Chossat found that sudden death was not uncommon in starving animals long before the ordinary time, and that the slightest shock was sufficient to destroy life at once. A pigeon kept fasting for a long time falls down and dies when its claws are clipped; whereas it would have lived for several days if not interfered with. This sudden death occurs from what is termed "syncope"—the heart's action is at once arrested when a sensitive nerve is painfully excited. A very slight smart of pain is quite sufficient to cause immediate death in animals thus reduced to a condition of great debility. There is no reason why the same accident should not occur in the human subject, and if Succi were thus suddenly to expire it would be a matter of remorse for those who encouraged him in his attempt.

The loss of weight in fasting animals was carefully determined

by Chossat, and he found that it amounted on the average to 40 per cent., but there was a considerable difference between the extremes, and this seemed to depend upon the amount of fat previously accumulated in the body, those animals in which the fat had been most abundant losing the most weight but living the longest. The above-mentioned proportion may, however, be exceeded, and the animal may yet survive. Some years ago a fat pig was buried in its sty for 160 days under 30ft. of the chalk of a cliff at Dover; it was dug out alive at the end of that time, reduced in weight from 160lb. to 40lb., or no less than 75 per cent.

The most remarkable facts connected with the loss of weight are that the fat is almost completely used up, no less than 93 per cent. being removed; the heart loses 44, the muscles in general 42, the bones 17, while the nervous system loses barely 2 per cent. It is evident, therefore, that death occurs when the stock of combustible material is consumed, and that every other tissue gives up its components so as to save the nervous system as much as possible.

The immediate cause of death from fasting is, in reality, the reduction of the bodily temperature, which must ensue when all the available combustible material is used up. At first the fall is very gradual, but afterwards the decline is more rapid until the reduction amounts to nearly 30 degrees below the normal point, and death then takes place. Chossat noticed that if whilst in the state of torpor preceding death the animal was artificially warmed and its temperature raised, some amount of consciousness and muscular power was gradually restored, and if food were then cautiously administered some of the animals experimented upon escaped from impending death. Young animals kept without food died sooner than older ones, and, contrary to what we should expect, no very decided difference was made in the duration of life either by withdrawing or permitting the supply of water.

The possible duration of life, when all food, save water, is abstained from, is the question which experiments like those of Dr. Tanner and Succi have at least partially solved. Admitting the reality of the former's fast, it would follow that life can be sustained for forty days on water alone. There are, however, other cases which

show that this period may be considerably exceeded. In 1831, a murderer at Toulouse, in order to escape public execution, committed suicide by abstaining from food for sixty-three days. At first, efforts were made to feed him by force, but his violence was so great that these were abandoned, and only ineffectual persuasion was resorted to. During the sixty-three days he consumed between eight and ten pints of water, on some days taking only a few drops. In the case of the Corsican prisoner, Viterbi, who committed suicide by starvation, life was prolonged for twenty-five days only. It is stated that he took a little water from time to time. Some years ago the notorious poisoner, William Palmer, when under sentence of death in Stafford Gaol, refused food for some days, in the hope of cheating the hangman. On being told, however, that he would be forcibly fed if he persisted in this course he at once abandoned it.

Cases of voluntary abstinence for long periods are not unfrequently met with in medical practice. In one, recorded a few years ago, a lady, aged sixty, much distressed by some family trouble, suddenly refused food. She adhered to her determination, and died on the forty-ninth or fiftieth day, having taken nothing but cold water, with the exception of two teaspoonfuls of brandy on one occasion. There were no grounds for suspecting any deception. In another case, also that of a lady, aged eighty, life was prolonged for thirty-three days under conditions of total abstinence from food, a few spoonfuls of water daily excepted. The authenticity of the fast was perfectly assured; she kept quiet in bed, talked but little, and took little notice of those about her. At the end of the first week delirium came on, but ceased after a few days. There was no craving for food, and, inasmuch as there was no physical exertion, the wear and tear of the tissues was reduced to a minimum.

The case of the Welsh fasting girl, Sarah Jacobs, which excited a painful interest twenty years ago, was of a very different character. The girl was an impostor, and, aided by her parents and others, had pretended to abstain from food for many weeks, but had not lost flesh. In order to clear up the mystery, she was placed under systematic inspection, and she died eight days afterwards from acute starvation. During the greater part of this time she was cheerful, and exhibited nothing extraordinary. Later on it was

found that she could not be kept warm, and she gradually sank into a torpid state which continued till death. It was a terrible experiment, and one which was utterly unjustifiable. The girl who was only twelve and a half years old, should have been taken from her friends and treated in a hospital. There was no emaciation visible after death, and indeed, more than the average amount of fat was present. The rapidity with which death ensued was due to the want of water. Nearly ten years have elapsed since Dr. Tanner's prolonged fast, which was begun in New York, June 28th, 1880. He was an eccentric man of respectable character, and strong self-will, who endeavoured to make amends for an assumedly unsuccessful medical career by promulgating various startling theories on the subjects of electricity and fasting. During the first nine days, he swallowed only a quarter of a pint of water, which, however, he used freely to rinse his mouth and bathe his feet. He found, however, that further abstinence from fluid was impossible; on the eleventh day he began to take water freely, swallowing about five quarts during the next four days, and gaining in bodily weight about 4½lb. It was only natural that this change should excite considerable doubt as to the reality of his fast. He used to go out daily, taking rides and drives, but spent most of his time curled up in his bed. He was reported to be in very poor condition three days before the expiration of the term; but he accomplished his task, and, according to his own account, without pain or severe distress. He was never delirious. His experiment was unfavourably regarded by the orthodox physicians of New York, and they declined to witness it. He therefore placed himself under the care of the so-called "eclectics," who undertook the task of watching him. One remarkable feature connected with his fast was that he did not attempt to husband his resources by reducing the action of his lungs and heart to a minimum.

There is no doubt that some of the conditions under which Dr. Tanner was placed were decidedly unfavourable, and there are various circumstances which must exert a modifying influence, and either increase or diminish the period during which life can be sustained in the absence of food. Other things being equal, a stout person has a chance of living longer than a thin one, inasmuch as

he possesses a larger store of combustible material which will serve him as fuel. Exposure to cold in conjunction with starvation always accelerates death, while a moderately high temperature aids in prolonging life. The presence of moisture in the atmosphere has a similarly favourable effect, inasmuch as it diminishes the exhalation of fluid from the body. It is probably owing to warmth and moisture that persons buried in mines or confined in some similar manner have had their lives preserved beyond the ordinary period. Dr. Tanner's success was, no doubt, favoured by the summer heat of New York. In the case of some miners, four men and a boy, who were imprisoned in a portion of a mine for eight days without food, but within reach of water, all were rescued alive and well. The warmth and dampness of the compressed air were, doubtless, favourable circumstances. In another case, recorded by Foderé, some workmen were extricated alive after fourteen days' confinement in a damp vault, in which they had been buried under a ruin. Dr. Sloan has given an account of a still more remarkable instance in which a healthy man, aged sixty-five, was found alive after having been shut up in a coalmine for twenty-three days, during the first ten of which he was able to get at a little water. He was, however, much exhausted, and died three days afterwards, although very carefully treated. In morbid states of the nervous system, life may be prolonged in the most extraordinary manner in the absence of food. In a remarkable case, recorded by Dr. Willan, of a young gentleman who starved himself under the influence of a religious delusion, life was prolonged for sixty days, during the whole of which time nothing but a little orange juice was taken.

Somewhat analogous to the cases just mentioned are those in which all food is abstained from while the person is in a state of trance or partially suspended animation. This state may be prolonged for many days or even for weeks, provided that the body be kept sufficiently warm. The most remarkable instances of this character have been furnished by certain Indian fakirs, who are able to reduce themselves to a state resembling profound collapse, in which all vital operations are brought almost to a standstill. In one case, the man was buried in an underground cell for six weeks, and carefully watched; in another, the man was buried for ten days

in a grave lined with masonry, and covered with large slabs of stone. When the bodies were disinterred they resembled corpses and no pulsation could be detected at the heart or in the arteries. Vitality was restored by warmth and friction. It is probable that the fakirs, before submitting to the ordeal, stupefied themselves with bhang (Indian hemp), the effects of which would last for some time, and the warmth of the atmosphere and soil would prevent any serious loss of heat, such as would soon occur in a colder climate, when the processes by which it is generated are made to cease.

The most prominent symptoms of starvation, as noticed in the human subject, are due first, to the special sensations produced by the absence of food and fluid, and, secondly, to the decline in the physical and mental power. At first there is great uneasiness or severe pain in the region of the stomach; this is relieved by pressure, and subsides after a day or two, but is followed by a feeling of weakness and sinking in the same region, accompanied by intolerable thirst, which, if water be withheld, becomes the chief source of distress. The skin over the whole body is withered or shrivelled, and has lost its elasticity; the countenance becomes pale and cadaverous; the sufferer has a wild look; he loses flesh and strength more or less rapidly; he totters in walking and becomes less and less capable of exertion. The mental power likewise fails; at first there is usually a state of torpidity, which may advance to imbecility; in some cases delirium comes on before death, in others the patient is attacked by convulsions which speedily bring the scene to a close. After death the state of the body, as regards wasting, resembles that of animals: the fat has almost entirely disappeared, the blood is reduced to three-fourths of its normal amount, and the muscles are extensively wasted; the brain and nerves alone have suffered slight decrease in weight. If a little water has been procurable, the quantity of blood may be comparatively normal, though the quality is seriously changed.

If we compare this general description with that presented by Signor Succi after three parts of his fast had been completed it may appear not a little exaggerated. Succi was pale, thin, and wasted, but the change was nothing like so great as one would expect. Many a patient, convalescent from typhoid fever, has an

aspect of greater emaciation and weakness, and certainly could not write a few words with the same degree of firmness. The temperature of Succi's apartment was decidedly high, and the air charged with moisture, both of which conditions are favourable. He appeared to take no exercise beyond that involved in passing from his bed to his chair, and in sitting up for several hours daily. Besides water (pure and mineral), of which he took about a pint daily, he swallowed a few drops of a so-called "elixir," the composition of which was kept a secret. If it did not contain morphine its effects were probably similar to those of that drug. It was said to allay pain and discomfort in the stomach.

Various tests were adopted in order to measure the changes that took place in Succi's bodily system, as the result of his prolonged fast. The loss of weight is, of course, easily ascertained. At the beginning of the experiment Succi's weight was about 126¼lb. His decrease in thirty days amounted to 28lb. 13oz., or just 2oz. more than he lost during his last fast, of thirty days, at Brussels. A loss beyond one-fourth of the bodily weight is scarcely compatible with life, but this limit may be reached. He had not, however, the advantage of a large proportion of fat when he began his fast; it has been estimated that a very fat man has about 33lb. of fat at his disposal, and that this quantity would last him for fifty days. Dr. Tanner, during his fast, is said to have lost 32lb. only. In a prolonged fast, such as we are now considering, the daily loss becomes comparatively very slight during the last three weeks. Succi, for instance, on the thirtieth day, lost only 6oz., whereas under normal circumstances, a healthy adult loses 2lb. of solid matters daily.

Besides losing flesh, a fasting man loses to some extent the power of generating heat, and his temperature therefore falls. The normal temperature of the body is about 98½, and its source is the food taken into the stomach and the oxygen of the air absorbed by the lungs during respiration. Succi's temperature on the thirtieth day, for example, was about two degrees below the normal, a difference not to be wondered at when we remember that he lost only 6oz. in weight in the twenty-four hours, and that all his disposable stock of fat had probably been consumed. Small as the loss may

appear to be, the accompanying temperature, if discovered in a sick person, would be regarded as that of collapse ; and if the thermometer marked only 95 there would certainly be extreme danger.

A marked proof of the diminution in bulk is afforded by the instrument called the spirometer, which enables us to measure the capacity of the lungs. This latter, in Succi's case, if we again take the thirtieth day, was reported to be 1,450 cubic centimetres, or 88 cubic inches. These numbers represent the volume of air expelled from the chest by the deepest expiration following the deepest inspiration. The instrument itself consists of a tube, furnished at one end with a mouthpiece, and at the other connected with a gasometer of registered and graduated capacity, into which the person breathes. Now, in health, an adult 5ft. 8in. in height, after taking a deep breath, can expel from his chest about 238 cubic inches of air. Succi's chest capacity was at first 2,000 cubic centimetres, and it had, therefore, been much reduced ; but a portion of the difference was doubtless due to the lessening of his muscular power.

Succi's loss of strength, as shown by the dynamometer, was comparatively small. This instrument consists of a ring of steel, to the inner face of which is attached a brass semi-circular dial, graduated with two rows of figures representing pounds or kilogrammes. When the steel ring is compressed by the hand, its short diameter is lessened and, by means of rack-work, an index moves to and fro on the scale. The power of the muscles of the hand and arm vary with the strength of the person experimented upon, and the dynamometer enables us accurately to ascertain the variations. It must be admitted that persons using the dynamometer daily become more expert in concentrating their strength upon the spring, and a little allowance must be made on this account. Succi's amount of strength, as recorded by the dynamometer, was somewhat exaggerated, but when all allowance is made for increased expertness, the change was very small indeed.

ROBSON ROOSE.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF TRADES UNIONISM FOR WOMEN.

AFTER the appearance of my article on "Trades Unionism for Women" in the pages of the NEW REVIEW, I observed, among the many friendly notices which it received from the public Press, one that suggested some important considerations as to the difficulties which must be encountered in the work. These I am now enabled, by the courtesy of the Editor, to lay before my readers. The writer of the notice to which I allude took for granted that I was one of those persons of what used to be expressively called "elegant leisure," who amused themselves in their idle moments by writing on subjects of which they knew nothing. My critic suggested that if it were not for my name no one would pay any attention to me, and further declared that my ignorance was shown by two facts, the first being that I had represented working women as eager to unite, the second that I had appealed for help in the work to women of wealth and leisure. Now, as to the first statement, my critic must have read me very hastily to have so completely misunderstood what I said, and what I will now take the liberty of briefly repeating. I said, and repeat, that those anxious to organise women's labour no longer met with the same determined opposition to their efforts as of old, and that the women themselves, in one or two districts of Scotland, showed intelligence and enthusiasm. I wish I could have said as much for their English sisters, but I have nowhere found in England audiences of women as large and as well-informed on trade questions as I have met in one or two Scotch towns. At the same time this should not discourage us; for just as it is possible to reach a point of physical starvation at which the stomach will decline food, even so the minds of men may be starved

and pinched until they are incapable of understanding facts of the most vital importance even to their own existence. How shall a Shoreditch matchbox maker develop her intelligence and come to an appreciation of the complicated questions involved in the theory of Trades Unionism when her whole energies are absorbed by the grinding toil which scarcely enables her to keep body and soul together? She does not, cannot live—how should she think?

Yet, this being so, my critic fell foul of me for calling on wealthy and capable women to come and help the work of organising women's labour. The working classes, he said, could only be saved by themselves: they wanted no ignorant gentlemen and ladies to meddle with their concerns. Nor does my critic speak only for himself when he says this. This feeling of distrust is precisely that which I have sometimes found prevailing amongst leading members of men's trades unions whom I have met for the first time, perhaps, at their own invitation. They say, "We had rather be without the help of ladies; we had rather manage our women ourselves, and get them to combine in compliance with our own directions, than be beholden to you. We, however, can't manage them, we can't get them to combine; therefore we must take your offered help, but we had rather not." Something like this I have heard more than once from men of undoubted weight and character; and I must say, when we remember how very often the well-to-do err by twisting help into the shape of patronage, we need not look far for the causes which justify the men's feeling against us. There are, on the other hand, reasons which must, for the present, induce them to accept our aid whenever they find any of us competent to co-operate with them, and for the same reasons we should freely give it. My object in returning again to this subject is not only to show why the working men must just now appeal to us against their will, and why I am right in calling on the capable and wealthy of my own sex to volunteer for this work, but to show, also, the serious evils which may be avoided by our intelligent co-operation.

In the first place, it may be as well to say that, whilst the men distrust us, the women very often distrust the men; and this distrust, which is certainly felt by many working women, of the advice offered them by working men, arises, I think, in most cases from

the mistaken belief that their interests are different, and that working men would, if they could, prevent women from working in their trades. In my previous article I showed how the conduct of working women themselves had brought about hostilities and difficulties which are now tending to disappear. But the women as a body have not yet realised this change of attitude; they know how hard it is for many of them to get work as it is, and they fear, in their ignorance, lest, by following the men's advice, by joining, for example, a man's union—supposing that it should be open to them to do so, as it is in the case of the chain and nail makers—they should place themselves at a further disadvantage. The women do not feel quite sure, in short, that the advice as to combination given to them by men, whom they persist in looking on as successful rivals in the market, is wholly disinterested. Under these circumstances it is, of course, open to the women, if they will, to take the initiative themselves. Why should they look to their richer sisters for the order to march? Why should they not take command themselves? To this argument there is but one answer—at the present moment they can't. Even when they are ready to accept the leadership of one of their own body, that leader is very rarely capable both of working up a union and of managing its business in a sound and prudent manner. I know of several working women who are excellent secretaries of the unions to which they belong, and who serve their societies with zeal and intelligence; but such women are not plentiful, and there is nothing more sad than to find a union which should be in a flourishing state going to pieces, not from the dishonesty, but from the incompetence of its management. Years ago I remember Mr. Ruskin talking to me of 1848, and saying that the reason given by every Italian for the failure of the movement in Italy was, "We were betrayed"—betrayed not by the foreigner, not by the common enemy, but by the friend, by him who had been trusted as a brother. Now, I know nothing at all of the men's unions, except from hearsay, so that every word I write on this point must be taken as applying to unions originated and conducted by women, and of all these I can say truthfully that I have never known a case of wilful betrayal of trust; I have never known a case of real dishonesty. What I have known is disastrous

betrayal of common interests from sheer ignorance. This is the seamy side of Trades Unionism for Women—this is the great stumbling-block in the way of our work.

It is but very rarely that we find a woman, such as one or two that might be mentioned, who has made her own way, is in receipt of high wages, is a good accountant, understands the bearing of trade questions and the machinery of organisation and is, at the same time, ready unselfishly to devote her scanty leisure to the service of the common interest. Still more rarely do we find that a woman thus endowed has also that gift of speech by which others may be brought to present self-denial in the hope of a better future. Generally, the popular speaker who stirs her audiences, and can enrol them by hundreds on her books, fails in capacity for management. She should be—she is supposed to be—controlled by her committee; but the committee is composed, not infrequently, of those as little accustomed to deal with money, except in very small sums, as their secretary herself. Perhaps not one of them can keep three columns of figures straight; not one of them has any clearer idea than another as to how far money will go. Even the takings on office nights are not entered properly, so that arrears which should have been booked to the month of April are entered as payments for the last weeks of May. The consequence of this state of things is that I have known unions to be practically bankrupt which should—looking at the number of members on their books, and the conditions of health and trade—have had a large balance at the bank. I have found, in cases of this class, that the subscriptions for the year had been so ill paid up that the income was deficient by a third, and that of the two-thirds actually received as much as, or more than, half had been expended on management. The most frequent cause of this unfortunate state of things is the very natural desire on the part of the secretary to advertise, and thereby increase, her society. She proposes, therefore, to her committee, band parades, the hiring of expensive halls for public meetings, and, if the bye-laws of her society permit it, grants, out of the funds, to the sufferers from any calamity sufficiently notorious to ensure mention of the same in the daily Press. The argument by which these proposals and others like them are sup-

ported is invariably the same—members will be brought in. And members are brought in, but not by any means in numbers sufficient to pay for the expenditure incurred in obtaining them.

If, during the first year or two, trade is good, and there are few sick, the unsound state of the finances escapes notice; but the moment there comes a strain, and there is a call for the payment of numerous out-of-work or sick benefits, it is found that the promises, on the faith of which members have joined the society, cannot possibly be kept. The funds are exhausted, and the cry, "Where has the money gone?" is raised on all sides.

Let anyone imagine the bitterness of disappointment inevitable when a working woman has deprived herself week by week, for months or years, of the pence she can ill spare, believing that in so doing she has provided for weeks of sickness, or of enforced idleness, only to find, when the hour of trial comes, that the shillings on which she has surely counted have vanished. Can we be surprised if she fails to understand, in her ignorance, that because her union, by its officers, has chosen to dribble away small sums on vanities, she must go without the fruits of her own labour and self-denial?

It is because I have seen this sort of shipwreck threatening disaster to women's unions more than once that I am anxious to ask all those—without respect of class—who have capacity, independence, and leisure sufficient, for help in the difficult first years of these enterprises. I do not think it would be at all desirable that the unions should permanently be managed by any others than the workers themselves, but I do believe that the richer women, when competent, might do most valuable work in educating their struggling sisters in the important matters of administration and business economy. My dear old master, Mr. Mulready, used to say that "the first step towards making women good artists would be the existence of teachers of their own sex capable of training them." This is the case with our women Trades Unionists. They want teachers of their own sex, and failing such amongst working women, in the name of common-sense let us take them wherever we can get them.

EMILIA F. S. DILKE.

THE SUNLIGHT LAY ACROSS MY BED.

PART II.—HEAVEN.

PARTLY I woke. It was still and dark; the sound of the carriages had died in the street; the woman who laughed was gone; the policeman's tread was heard no more. In the dark it seemed as if a great hand lay upon my heart and crushed it. I tried to breathe, and tossed from side to side; and then again I fell asleep and dreamed.

God took me to the edge of that world. It ended. I looked down. The gulf, it seemed to me, was fathomless; and then I saw two bridges crossing it and sloping upwards.

I said to God, "Is there no other way by which men cross it?"

God said, "One; it rises far from here and slopes straight upwards; it is seen only by those who climb it."

I asked God what the bridges' names were.

God said, "What matter for the names?"

I said, "Do they all lead into one Heaven?"

God said, "Some parts are higher and some parts lower; those who reach the higher may always go down to rest in the lower; but the lower may not have strength to climb to the higher; nevertheless the light is all one."

And over the bridge nearest me which was wider than the other, I saw countless footmarks go. I asked God why it had so many.

God said, "It slopes less deeply, and leads to the first Heaven."

And I saw that some of the footmarks were of feet returning. I asked God how it was.

He said, "No man who has once entered Heaven ever leaves it; but some, when they have gone halfway, turn back, because they are afraid there is no land beyond."

I said, "Has none ever returned?"

God said, "No; once in Heaven always in Heaven."

He took me over. And we came to one of the great doors—for Heaven has more doors than one—and it was open; and the posts rose up so high on either side I could not see the top, there was no cross bar.

And it seemed to me so wide that all Hell might have gone in through it.

I said to God, "Which is the larger, Heaven or Hell?"

God said, "Hell is as wide, but Heaven is higher. All Hell could be engulphed in Heaven but all Heaven could not be engulphed in Hell."

We entered. It was a great still land. The mountains rose on every hand, and there was a pale still light, and I saw it came from the rocks and stones. I asked God how it was.

And God said, "Because everything here gives light."

I looked and wondered, for I had thought Heaven would be different. And after a while it began to grow bright, as if the day were breaking, and I asked God if the sun were going to rise.

God said, "No; we are coming to where the people are."

And as we went further it grew brighter and brighter till it was burning day; and on the rock were flowers blossoming, and trees growing; and streams of water ran everywhere, and I heard birds singing; I asked God where they were.

God said, "It is the people calling to each other."

When we came nearer I saw them walking, and shining as they walked. I asked God how it was they wore no clothes.

God said, "Because all their bodies give the light; they dare not cover any part."

And I asked God what they were doing.

God said, "Making the plants grow by shining."

And I saw that some worked in great companies, and some alone, but most worked in twos, sometimes two men and sometimes two women, but generally one man and one woman, and I asked God how it was.

God said, "It makes the most perfect light when one man

and woman shine together; many plants need only that for their growing. Nevertheless, there are more kinds of plants in Heaven than one, and they need many kinds of shining."

And I was ashamed because of my clothes when I saw the people walking.

And one from among them came running towards me, and when he came nearer it seemed to me that he and I had played together when we were little children, and that we had been born on the same day. And I told God what I felt; and God said, "All men feel so in Heaven when another comes towards them."

And he who ran towards me held my hand and said nothing, and led me through the bright lights. And when we came to a place among the trees he sang aloud and his companion answered, and when it came it was a woman, I think, and he showed me to her. She said, "He must have water"; and the man took some in his hands, and fed me (I had been afraid to drink of the water in Hell), and he said to her, "Gather fruit." And she gave it me to eat. They said, "We shone so long to make it ripe," and they laughed together when they saw me eat.

The man said, "He shall sleep now" (for I had not dared to sleep in Hell), and he laid my head on his companion's knee and spread her hair out over me. I slept, and all the while in my sleep I heard the birds calling across me. And when I woke it was like early morning, and dew was on everything.

And the woman put my hand in his and said, "Take him and show him our secret place; I will stay here and make the fruit ripen."

And he led me to a place among the rocks. The ground was very hard, and out of it were sprouting tiny plants, and there was a little stream running. He said, "This is a new garden we are making, the others do not know of it. We shine here every day, and the ground has cracked with our shining, and this little stream is coming out. See, the flowers are growing."

And he climbed up on the rocks and picked from above two little flowers with dew on them and held them out to me. And I took one in each hand; my hands shone as I held them. He said, "Do not tell the others of our little garden; it is for them all when it

is finished." And he went singing to his companion and I out into the great pathway.

And as I walked in the light I heard a loud sound of much singing. And when I came near I saw one with closed eyes, and the people were standing round ; and the light on the closed eyes was brighter than anything I had seen in Heaven. I asked one what it was, and he said, "Our singing bird."

And I asked, "Why do the eyes shine so?"

He said, "They cannot see, and we have kissed them till they shone so. Now he sings to us, the more we kiss the more he sings." They all sang with him.

And when I went a little further I saw a crowd crossing with great laughter. When they came close I saw they carried one without hands or feet. And a light came from the maimed limbs so bright that I could not look at them.

And I said to one, "What is it?"

He answered, "This is our brother who once fell and lost his hands and feet, since then he cannot help himself; but we have touched the ruined stumps so often that now they shine brighter than anything in Heaven. We pass him on that he may shine on things that need much heat. No one is allowed to keep him long;" and they went on laughing.

I said to God, "This is a strange land. I had thought blindness and maimedness were great evils. Here men make them to a rejoicing."

God said, "Didst thou then think that love had *need* of eyes and hands?"

And I walked down the shining way with palms on either hand. I said to God, "Ever since I was a little child and sat alone and cried, I have dreamed of this land, and now I will not go away again. I will stay here and shine." And I began to take off my clothes ; and when I looked down I saw my body gave no light. I said to God, "How is it?"

God said, "Is there no dark blood in thy heart ; art thou bitter against none?"

I said, "Yes——;" and I thought, "Now is the time when I will tell God what I have been meaning to tell Him all along, some

day, how badly my fellow men have treated me. How they have misunderstood me. How I have intended to be magnanimous and generous to them, and they——." I began to tell God; and when I looked down all the flowers were withering under my breath. I was silent.

I saw that now and again as they worked the people stooped to pick up something; I asked God what it was.

Then God touched my eyes, and I saw that what they found were small stones; they had been too bright for me to see before; and I noticed that the light of the stones and the light on the people's foreheads were the same. And when one found a stone he passed it on to his fellow, and he to another, and he to another. And at times they gathered in great company about a stone, and raised a great shout so that the sky rang; then they worked on again.

I asked God what they did with the stones at last. Then God touched my eyes again to make them stronger; and I looked, and at my very feet on the earth was a mighty crown. The light streamed out.

God said, "Each stone they find is set here."

It was wrought according to a marvellous pattern; each part was different, yet the pattern ran through all.

I said to God, "How is it each man adds his stone, and though there is no outline that they follow, the design works out?"

God said, "Because in the light his forehead sheds each man sees faintly outlined that full crown."

And I said to God, "How is it that each stone when it is added is joined along its edges to its fellows?"

God said, "The stones are alive: they grow."

I said to God, "What does each man gain by his working?"

God says, "He sees his outline filled in stone."

I said, "But those stones which are last set overlay those which were first; and these will again be covered by those which come later."

God said, "They are covered, but not hid. The first shines through the last; and the light is the light of all."

I said to God, "When will this crown be ended?"

God said, "Look up!"

I looked; and I saw the mountain tower above me, but I could not see its summit.

God said no more.

And I looked at the crown: then a passion seized me. Like the longing of a mother for the child whom death has taken; like the yearning of a friend for the friend whom life has buried; like the hunger of dying eyes for a life that is slipping; like the thirst of a soul for love at its first spring waking, so, but fiercer, was the longing in me.

I cried to God, "I, too, will work here; I, too, will set stones in the wonderful pattern; it shall grow beneath my hand. And, if it be that, labouring here for years I should not find one stone, at least I will be with the men that labour on the hillside. I shall hear their shout of joy when something is found, I shall join in their triumph, I shall shout among them; I shall see it grow." So great was my longing, as I looked at the crown, I thought a faint light fell from my forehead also.

God said, "Do you not hear the singing in the garden?"

I said, "No, I hear nothing, I see only the crown." And I was dumb with joy; I forgot all the flowers of the lower Heaven and the singing there. Then I ran forward. I threw my mantle on the earth, and bent to seize with both my hands one of the mighty tools which lay there. I could not lift it from the earth.

God said, "Take up your mantle, and follow me."

I followed; but I looked back and saw the crown burning, my crown that I had loved.

God led me on among the mountains. Higher and higher we mounted, and the road grew steeper. Not a tree or plant was on the bare rocks, and the stillness was unbroken. My breath came hard and quick, and the blood crept within my finger-tips. I said to God, "Is this still Heaven?"

God said, "Yes; it is the highest.'

Still we climbed. I said to God, "I cannot breathe so high."

God said, "Because the air is pure."

The blood burst from my finger-tips.

At last we came out upon a solitary mountain-top.

Not a living being moved there; but away off on a solitary peak I saw a lonely figure standing. Whether it were man or woman I could not tell; its breasts were the breasts of a woman, but its limbs were the mighty limbs of a man. I asked God which it might be.

God said, "In the first Heaven sex reigns; in the higher it is not noticed; but in the highest it does not exist."

And I saw the figure bend over its work.

I said to God, "Is it not terribly alone here?"

God said, "It is never alone."

I said, "What has it back for all its labour? I see nothing."

God said, "It has all things."

I said to God, "How came it there upon that solitary peak?"

God said, "By a bloody stair. Step by step it mounted from the lowest Hell, and day by day Hell grew farther and Heaven no nearer. It hung alone between two worlds. Hour by hour in that great struggle its limbs grew larger, till there fell from it rag by rag the garments which it started with. Drops fell from its eyes as it strained them, and the moisture from its forehead was blood; each step it climbed was wet with it. Then it came out here."

And I thought of the garden where men sang with their arms around each other; and the mountain-side where they worked in company. And I said to God, "What gains the man who climbs here?"

And God touched my eyes, and I saw stretched out below us Heaven and Hell.

God said, "From that lone height on which he stands all things are open. To him is clear the shining in the garden, he sees the flower leaves open and the streams break out; no shout is raised upon the mountain-side but he may hear it. He sees the crown grow and the light rise. All Hell is open to him. He sees the paths mount upwards. To him Hell is the seed ground from which Heaven springs. He sees the sap ascending."

And I saw the figure bend over its work, and the light from its face fell on it.

And I said to God, "What is it doing there?"

God answered, "It is making music."

He touched my ears, and I heard it.

And after a long while I said to God, "Where did he learn it?"

God said, "That which he sees becomes light in him; it falls upon his work, and it is music."

I whispered to God, "This is Heaven."

And God asked me why I was crying. And I said, "For joy."

And the face turned from its work and looked on me. Then all about me it grew so bright I could not see things separately. Which was God, or the man, or I, I could not tell; we were all blended. I cried to God, "Where art thou?" but there was no answer, only music and light. And afterwards, when it had grown so dark again that I could see things separately, I found that I was standing there wrapped tight in my little old, brown, earthly cloak, and God and the man were a long way off from each other and from me.

I did not dare say I would go up and make music beside the man. I knew I did not reach even to his knee, so large he was. But I thought I should stand there on my little peak and sing an accompaniment to the great music. I tried; my voice piped, and failed. I could not sing that tune. I was silent.

God pointed to me that I should go out of Heaven.

I cried to God, "Oh, let me stay here! I will interfere with no one."

God said "Go."

I said, "If indeed it be, as I know it is, that I am not great enough to sing upon the mountain, nor strong enough to labour on its side, nor bright enough to shine within the garden, then let me at least go down to the great gate; humbly I will kneel there, and as the saved pass in I will see the light and hear their singing."

God said, "It may not be;" and still He pointed.

I cried, "Then let me go down to Hell, and I will grasp the hands of men and women there; and slowly, holding fast by one another, we will work our way upwards."

God said "Whither?"

I said, "To the highest Heaven."

God pointed.

I threw myself upon the earth and wept: I cried, "Earth is so

small, so mean! It is not meet a soul should see Heaven and be cast out again!"

God laid His hand on me, and said, "Go back to earth: that which you seek is there."

I woke: it was morning. The silence and darkness of the night were gone. I closed my eyes and turned me towards the wall: I would not look upon the dull grey world.

In the streets below men and women streamed past by thousands, I heard the feet beat on the pavement. Men on their way to business; servants on errands; boys hurrying to school; weary professors pacing slowly the old street; prostitutes, men and women, dragging their feet heavily upon the pavement after last night's debauch; artists with quick, impatient footsteps tradesmen for orders; children to seek for bread. I heard the stream beat by. At the alley's mouth, at the street corner, a broken barrel-organ played; sometimes it quavered, then went on again.

I listened: my heart scarcely moved. I could not bear the long day before me; I tried to sleep again, yet still I heard the feet upon the pavement. Then suddenly I heard them cry loud as they beat, "We are seeking!—we are seeking!—we are seeking!" and the broken barrel-organ at the corner sobbed, "The beautiful!—the beautiful!" My heart which had been dead, cried out with every throb, "Love!—Truth!" We three kept time together. I listened; it was the music I had heard in Heaven that I could not sing.

And fully I woke.

Upon the faded quilt across my bed a long yellow streak of pale London sunlight was lying. It fell in through my narrow attic window.

I laughed. I rose.

I was glad the long day was before me.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

LUNGS FOR OUR GREAT CITIES.

HAVING lately visited the principal public parks of the United States, I propose to state briefly the impressions which these visits have left upon my mind. The question of how best to provide breathing spaces for the rapidly increasing population of the large towns has of late years occupied a prominent place in the thoughts of the citizens of the United States; and great as has been the advance made by American cities, since the period of the Civil War, in all matters tending towards the attainment of the highest standard of civilisation, in no department of municipal government has greater progress been made than in that appertaining to the care and provision of parks and open spaces. The principal cities of the United States and Canada are now vying with each other which shall possess the most perfect and complete system of boulevards and parks. Taxation for these purposes is readily submitted to, and enormous sums of money are now being annually voted on this account. A veritable rage for park-making seems to have seized the American public. I was told by a high official at Chicago that the Park-tax was not only the one against which no word of complaint was ever heard, but that he was continually being asked why larger sums of money were not being spent on the parks, as it was the one expenditure of public money which the people thoroughly appreciated, enjoyed, and took pride in.

It is only in comparatively recent years that the question of supplying cities with breathing spaces has forced itself on the attention of the American people. The result is that there are few cities in the United States which possess parks in close proximity to the habitations of the poorer portions of the working classes

New York, Chicago, and Boston are the towns which appear to have realised the fact that, however cheap and rapid may be the means of locomotion from the city to the suburban park, it is only on a Sunday, and perhaps in some cases also on a Saturday afternoon, that the working man with his wife and family can avail himself of the means of healthful enjoyment thus offered him. On the other five days in the week the taxes he is called upon to pay for the maintenance of a suburban park may be regarded by him as a health insurance premium for himself and family, inasmuch as large open spaces in the vicinity of a town undoubtedly admit healthful breezes and lower the death rate; but as far as direct enjoyment is concerned, neither he nor his family during those five days can hope to obtain direct or immediate value for their money. In addition to large suburban parks, the working man, and much more the working woman and her children, need numerous small playgrounds and open spaces within easy reach of their homes, where, of a summer evening after his work, the man may rest and smoke his pipe, and where, during the day, the woman may snatch half-an-hour's enjoyment of peaceful repose away from the turmoil and care of home, amid flowers and leaves and the sound of falling waters. Even if she cannot get away herself to visit the gardens or playgrounds, she can at all events send her little ones, under the charge of the eldest child, with the feeling that they are in the pure air, beneath the bright sun of Heaven, getting health and strength, and, under the guardianship of the official caretaker of the garden or playground, safe from danger to life or limb; whilst she, relieved from the noise and worry inevitable from the presence of children in a small dwelling, can accomplish her domestic duties in a shorter time and with less fatigue than she otherwise would be able to do. With a view to provide such open spaces in the heart of the city of New York, the State Legislature has recently passed an Act "for the location, construction, and improvement of additional parks in the City of New York." This Act gives the Board of Street Opening and Improvement power to condemn property and open as many parks below One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street as they may think best. "It is a colossal power," says Professor Adams, of Baltimore, "to

grant to a municipal board, but the public health requires it." In consequence of this Act the Board has appropriated £2,000,000, to be spread over ten years; and, as the Act directs, the whole of this money is to be expended in making air-holes in the crowded parts of the city, by pulling down rookeries and letting sunlight into unhealthy localities.

It is to be hoped that our London County Council will take example from this energetic action on the part of New York. It would not be necessary for London to spend anything approaching the sum which New York is willing to find. There would be no necessity to pull down dwellings and purchase valuable land. Happily for London there are still over 200 disused burial grounds closed to the public, and many neglected squares, in addition to a few spaces which are already laid out as gardens by private associations and individuals, who are desirous to extend their operations and to relieve the public of this heavy primary expense, if only the London Council will undertake to maintain the grounds thus laid out as gardens and playgrounds and open them to the public. New York has been forced, by the neglect of former generations, to appropriate this large sum of £2,000,000 in order to create small air-holes in the heart of the city. No land has actually been purchased with the money, but negotiations are now in progress to acquire a couple of sites in the most crowded parts of the town, to pull down the tenement houses which now cover them, and to turn them into open spaces. New York, however, is not content simply with the correction of former errors, but is determined that posterity shall not have to make the same complaint against the present generation that she raises against the past, and with this view she has made magnificent provision for the future by purchasing Pelham Bay Park, of 1,756 acres, for £504,589; Van Cortlandt Park, of 1,132 acres, for £432,355; Bronx Park, of 661 acres, for £380,116; Crotona Park, of 141 acres, for £228,423; Claremont Park, of 38 acres, for £72,282; and St. Mary's Park, of 28 acres —all more or less connected by fine broad parkways or avenues containing an aggregate of 187 acres, these latter constructed at a cost of £423,595—making a total addition to the former parks of New York of some 4,000 acres. These parks are at present some

distance away, but—with the foresight which led their fathers some thirty years ago to purchase the present Central Park, now entirely surrounded by buildings, but at the time of its purchase outside the city—the citizens of New York have made an investment which will be of priceless value to them a few years hence, when, as, from the conformation of the ground, must inevitably be the case, houses and streets have surrounded these new parks.

New York has nobly asserted her position as the leading city of the United States. She has by one energetic effort wiped out the reproach of being the one least supplied with open spaces; and, as soon as her annual expenditure of £200,000 in the purchase of small playgrounds in the heart of the city begins to tell, she will probably hold the enviable position of having the largest amount of open spaces readily available to the mass of her population of any city in the United States, unless it be Boston, with her proposed Marine Park of 40 acres, her Charles River Embankment of 10 acres, and her projected new Wood Island Park of 81 acres in East Boston.

Next to New York and Boston, Chicago is the city which to-day shows the greatest anxiety to increase her breathing spaces. Chicago possesses ten large parks, of an aggregate area of 2,847 acres, and eleven small parks, increasing the total park area to over 3,000 acres. Besides these there are 260 acres of boulevards connecting the parks, varying in width from 100ft. to 250ft., and lined with trees. Boston is not satisfied with her Common and Public Garden, beautiful as they are, or even with her Commonwealth and Massachusetts Avenues, but has purchased Riverdale and Back Bay Parks, containing 216 acres, and Franklin Park, with its 518 acres. Minneapolis has lately expended £100,000 to improve her parks and boulevards, and this city, in addition, proposes to open shortly several miles of parkways. Detroit is busily converting into a park an island in the lake called Belleisle, some 700 acres in size. This island has been united to the city by a bridge, and is 2 miles 200ft. in length, and averages half a mile in width. Toronto, in Canada, is making similar use of a low ridge of sand lying opposite to the city. St. Louis has recently acquired by will a well-stocked Botanical Garden, the gift of the philan-

thropic citizen who some years ago presented her with the beautiful Tower Grove Park of 267 acres. San Francisco is also at work increasing her public gardens; and Washington, not to be outdone by the other cities, and in order to hold her own as the political capital of the country, is contemplating the purchase of some 3,000 acres of well-wooded land in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, and is filling up some low-lying grounds called "The Flats," in close proximity to the poorer portions of the town. In the meantime this city, whilst making up her mind on the subject of the larger purchase, has acquired some 200 acres of beautifully-wooded, hilly land, intersected by ravines and streams, which she is about to convert into a somewhat original zoological garden, permitting, as far as practicable, the animals to exist in their natural state.

It will be seen from the sketch I have given that in America the Open Space movement is in full vigour and activity, and that there is a keen rivalry between the larger and more progressive cities to be foremost in the race for improvement in this particular department of municipal government. Though no municipal park in America, or indeed in the world, approaches our own Epping Forest in extent, it will be apparent that when her new parks are completed the United States will lead the world in the number of her open spaces over 1,000 acres in extent, though she lacks small gardens and playgrounds in close proximity to the more densely-peopled portions of her cities. These magnificent parks have almost all been acquired within comparatively recent years. Van Cortlandt, Pelham Bay, and Bronx Parks, New York, have only just been purchased, and are not yet laid out. Belleisle Park, Detroit; Franklin Park, Boston; and Golden Gate, San Francisco, are in process of formation. As Chicago, the mighty city of the West, with its million of inhabitants, was sixty years ago but a wooden stockaded fort, garrisoned by United States' troops, and has since been three times destroyed by fire, it is unnecessary to say that its beautiful gardens are of quite recent growth, and in some parts are still in course of formation. San Francisco is likewise engaged in the creation and development of its park. St. Louis has only this year become by demise the possessor of Shaw's Garden, the former

residence of the generous testator, who was also the donor in 1867 of the lovely gardenesque park called Tower Grove—a gift equal in money value to about £60,000. Twenty years ago Brooklyn, with its teeming population, possessed no public park. The first Act establishing the Central Park in the city of New York was passed in 1853, but it was not until 1870 that the Department of Public Parks was appointed. The first acquisition of land by the city of Philadelphia within the bounds of Fairmount Park was made as long ago as 1812, but it was not until 1867 that an Act was passed "appropriating grounds for public purposes," and establishing a Park Commission of sixteen, five of whom were to be appointed by the District Court and five by the Court of Common Pleas, for an official term of five years. Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, which in some particulars I consider the finest park amongst those I visited in the United States, was formed within the memory of men who have not passed middle age. It will readily be seen, therefore, that Time, the great beautifier of European pleasances, has had but a very limited period in which to exercise on American parks and gardens her artistic and softening influences. Forest Hill Park, St. Louis; Prospect Park, Brooklyn; Druid Hill Park, Baltimore; and Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, are ornamented with splendid timber, owing to the fact that large portions, if not the whole, of these parks were either formerly in the possession of wealthy men who preserved the timber surrounding their residences, or were natural forests which had escaped the axe of the woodman. Druid Hill Park is the only one in which deer are permitted to run wild, and is a lovely specimen of the forest park. Fairmount Park, with its 2,791 acres, with the Schuylkill River, equal in size to the Thames, running through its midst between well-wooded heights, with its extension for eight miles up the deep-cut winding ravine of the Wissahickon River, is, amongst the municipal pleasances of the world, only second in size to our Epping Forest, and perhaps in its own particular style of beauty is second to none. The new Bronx Park, purchased by the city of New York, was the residence of the Lorillard family, and Pelham and Van Cortlandt Parks are natural forests which will require but slight attention at the hands of the landscape gardener. Bronx

Park is traversed by a stream running at the bottom of a rocky ravine, which, with its splendid timber, will form a feature nearly unique in city parks, if care be taken to retain its natural beauty and wildness. Its only rivals will probably be the ravine of the Genesee, in Rochester City Park, and the valley of the Wissahickon in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

The contrast between the extreme artificiality of Central Park, in New York, and these new wild forest spots lately acquired may perhaps encourage the New Yorkers to give a little more latitude and freedom to the citizens in the use of their park. But, notwithstanding this excessive artificiality, Central Park remains one of the most beautiful of gardenesque places. I know nothing prettier of its kind than the view I saw on an October day, standing on the "terrace" at the end of the "mall" in Central Park, looking across the artificial lake to the opposite shore blazing in the glorious colours of American autumn foliage. The finest natural parks, as opposed to artificially-made grounds, in the United States, are perhaps those of Druid Hill, Baltimore; Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; Prospect Park, Brooklyn; and Forest Hill, St. Louis; whilst amongst the artificial parks, Central Park, New York, and Lincoln and South Parks, Chicago, may be said to rank highest. These two cities have both had to manufacture recreation grounds out of most unpromising materials. They have had to transport for long distances the actual soil of which their parks are composed, and have had to plant every single tree, shrub, and flower within their limits, and make every rise and depression in the ground. These gardens are consequently entirely different in style from those magnificent parks which owe their beauty and picturesqueness to nature, and they must be viewed with a different eye and be judged by a different standard. As my object in visiting the public parks of America was not to criticise and find fault, but if possible to learn, with a view to the improvement of the London parks, at that time under my charge, I shall confine my remarks to the points which particularly struck me as worthy of imitation.

In Lincoln Park, Chicago, warm water is introduced into basins, and the spectators' eyes are delighted and dazzled by the sight of the most gorgeously coloured tropical lilies growing in the water,

such as *Nymphæa Zanzibarensis*, *Nymphæa Zanzibarensis Azurea*, *Nymphæa Devoniensis*, and *Nymphæa Rubra*, whilst on the surface recline the enormous pan-like leaves of the *Victoria Regia*. These leaves, with their upturned edges, floating on the water, seem only to need the presence of little fairies resting on them to turn the whole scene into our childhood's dreamland. In South Park, Chicago, and in smaller degree in Druid Park, Baltimore, are to be found broad, lofty glass palaces, within which towering palms and exotics grow, such as in England are only to be found either at Kew or in the private gardens of rich men. In these conservatories the visitor can walk in comfort, and even sit down and study at his ease the splendid botanical specimens, all legibly labelled, which are furnished for his enjoyment and instruction. In America the Park Commissioners appear to have been impressed with the conviction that it was their duty to make the parks places of innocent amusement and recreation for as large a number of people as possible, and with this view they have endeavoured to cater for all legitimate tastes. In Jackson Park, Chicago, the Commissioners have not been afraid to erect a permanent structure of stone and brick, with slate roof, sufficiently large to shelter 2,500 people, with a floor of polished maple, and with a gallery for music, in which dancing is permitted under certain regulations. I was told that no evils or improprieties had resulted from this liberal course of action, but that the privilege was innocently enjoyed and thoroughly appreciated by the citizens. If this can be done in Chicago, a city containing a million souls, composed of all nationalities, why should it not be possible in London? In American parks, even in those where the most stringent police regulations are in force, great facilities are given to the people to enjoy themselves. In Central Park, New York, and in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, there are separate lawn-tennis, croquet, baseball, and archery grounds. In the latter park 130 lawn-tennis courts are in daily use, and three men are kept almost constantly at work marking them out with whiting. In all the larger parks suitable spots under shady trees and near refreshment châlets are reserved for picnic parties. They are provided with tables, benches, and water gratis, and a party of workmen is daily detailed to remove all paper and rubbish left by the

picnic makers, so that next day there is no sign of the previous day's party. In some of the parks the Commissioners own the pleasure boats, and also well-appointed, comfortable, two and four horse open drags, in which visitors are driven for a fixed price to the principal points of interest. No inconsiderable revenue is derived from these sources, in addition to which the Commissioners are able to regulate the accommodation with which the public is provided, and thus increase its comfort. In Central Park, New York, the children are provided with self-acting swings, in which a child, when seated, can swing himself without assistance—a novelty to me. Happy children may also be seen tilting at the ring to the sound of music, on wooden revolving horses, or sitting in suspended cars, regardless of the weather, under the cover of a permanent shelter. In Prospect Park the little ones drive their goat-carriages, like their French brothers and sisters in the Champs Elysées. Why do we not have goat-carriages and merry-go-rounds in our London parks? On many of the artificial lakes a very graceful boat is to be seen gliding on the waters without any apparent means of motion. It is composed of two narrow canoes fastened together by a transverse deck, on which are placed three or four rows of seats. The two prows, rising high into the air, are of polished copper, brass, or silvered metal, whilst behind is a large white metal swan, within which are concealed the legs of a boy, whose business it is to turn with his feet paddles hidden away in the white wings of the bird. Music is provided free in almost all the principal parks of America, and in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, the natural formation of the ground has been utilised to erect an open-air musical amphitheatre, with seats rising in a semi-circle one above the other, and ending in a covered corridor capable of sheltering, in case of rain, a large portion of the audience.

In the heart of Boston is an open-air garden and gymnasium, 10 acres in extent, called the Charles River Embankment. The peculiarity of this public gymnasium over those established in Great Britain lies in the fact that it is intended not so much for the use of children as for that of grown men. A girls and children's playground is to be found at the opposite end of the embankment. The men's open-air gymnasium is surrounded by a

high railing, to exclude idlers, and can only be reached over a bridge, after passing through a building and a turnstile under the eye of an officer, who delivers a badge to every man who enters. The ground is furnished with the usual gymnastic apparatus, and with a running and bicycle cinder track. Free lockers, washing apparatus, clean towels, and other conveniences are provided gratis for the use of the public by the Park Commissioners. No one is allowed to "loaf" within the enclosed space. If a man enters the enclosure he must work at the apparatus or he will be turned out; and boys are only permitted to enter at stated times, and must leave during school hours. An efficient teacher of gymnastics is always on the spot, and at certain hours classes are trained systematically in gymnastics. I am not aware of the existence in Great Britain of any similarly well-furnished gymnasium maintained by a municipal authority for the benefit of the grown-up male portion of the population. It seems an excellent idea and well worthy of adoption, especially as the experiment in Boston has proved thoroughly successful, and the authorities of that city have had no difficulty in the maintenance of order amongst the men who have availed themselves of the privileges offered them. I was informed that it was the intention of the Park Commission to light up the ground with electricity and to throw it open to the public on summer evenings, so that a larger number of young working men might be able to use it. This I believe to be the only thoroughly organised open-air public gymnasium in America, but I feel confident that there will be many more within a few years' time, and Boston has already determined to erect a second one. In Franklin Park, Boston, the game-playing public who visit the shelter overlooking the baseball grounds are treated by the Park Commission with similar open-handed generosity. I was informed that the public loss on towels, &c., was comparatively trifling. Similar liberality would, I feel confident, be equally appreciated at home and public property be as well respected. The experience I have gained as chairman of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association has shown me that the English working man, if properly appealed to, can always be trusted to protect public property.

Most of the small open spaces in American cities are lighted by gas or electricity on summer nights, and at such times are crowded with respectable men and women enjoying the refreshing breezes of the evening after the sultry heat of an American mid-summer day. I hope that, though our climate is of a somewhat fickle nature, the day is not far distant when the Embankment Gardens, and other similar small open spaces in London, will, during the finest portion of the year, be lit of an evening by electric light. It should have been done long ago.

Animal life is introduced into many of the American Parks. In Druid Park there is a zoological garden, and I saw several camels grazing in the open meadow under the care of a keeper. In the new Zoological Garden in Washington it is proposed to create the conditions under which beavers become architects and engineers, and to encourage them to build their houses and make their dams and lakes under the eyes of the public. Central Park, New York; Lincoln Park, Chicago; and Druid Park, Baltimore, count zoological gardens as part of the attractions they offer free to the public. In London there is no zoological garden freely open to the people.

The principal parks of America are not under the control of boards, like the London County Council, directly elected by the people, but are managed by commissioners, appointed, either for life or for a term of years, by the Mayor of the city in which the park is situated, by the Governor of the State, or by the judges. These commissions vary in the number of their members from three to about twenty. Annual appropriations for the support of the parks are made by the local municipalities on the recommendation of the commissioners. Their recommendations need not be complied with, but the money once voted the commissioners can expend it on the parks in the manner which they may consider best calculated to serve the interests of the public. They are completely masters in their own house. If they require any extraordinary sums of money for the purchase of new parks, or for permanent improvements, and if there is hesitation on the part of the municipal authority to furnish them with the necessary funds, they can go to the State Legislature and, if their demands are

legitimate, compel the municipal authority to raise the required sum. One of the park commissions in Chicago has even the power of raising its own taxation independently of the municipal government. As no salary is attached to the position of a park commissioner the office does not possess attraction for the professional politician; and as the officials upon whose shoulders rest the appointment of the commissioners are held responsible for the acts of their nominees, it is to the interest of these official nominators to choose for the post the very best men to be found in the locality. It will be readily seen that a small, independent, and comparatively permanent committee, chosen for its ability and knowledge in the management of parks, possesses an immense advantage in the proper discharge of its duties over an elected body of thirty like the Park Committee of the London County Council, which cannot undertake any expenditure exceeding the sum of £50 without a vote and discussion in full council of 137 members.

Another advantage possessed by American park commissions over their London brethren is the powers the former possess over thoroughfares and, in some instances, over building land in the neighbourhood of the parks. For instance, in New York large districts adjoining new parks to the north of the Haarlem River have been placed under the management of the Park Commission, and it has been charged with the duty of laying out the building lots, avenues, streets, and sewers. Thus it has it in its power to prevent the erection of unsightly or insanitary buildings, and the prosecution in the neighbourhood of unwholesome or undesirable manufactures or trades, and it is able to make the approaches to the park harmonise with its general arrangement and character.

MEATH.

A LECTURE AGAINST LECTURING.

I HAVE for many years held the opinion that the traditional method of academic teaching needs a radical alteration. I have hitherto kept this opinion private, because I found that it was not shared by most of the persons whose experience gave them adequate means of forming a judgment; but as my own experience and reflection have continually strengthened it, I think it now desirable to publish it—giving due warning to the reader that it is a heresy. My object is primarily to obtain sympathy: there may possibly be others who have long been secretly cherishing similar views; and perhaps, if we could communicate and combine, we might at any rate call the attention of persons interested in education to the gravity of the question, and stimulate some kind of movement in the direction of the required change. But I also partly wish to obtain advice: since—except in a very limited part of the whole subject—I seem to see more clearly the general direction in which improvement is needed than the precise nature of the changes of method that should be recommended.

In speaking of "method" I mean simply the way in which instruction is imparted; I am not concerned with the questions (1) where University teaching should be carried on, or (2) what subjects should be selected for study, or (3) how the student's industry should be stimulated and tested. These appear to be the points in which, in England, most University reformers are interested: they are either for having academic centres in large cities, instead of small provincial towns like Oxford and Cambridge; or they are for modern languages and experimental science as against classics; or they are opposed to the tyranny of competitive examinations, and the degrading influence of pecuniary bribes to learning. All these are

most interesting topics, on which there is much to be said on both sides. But the change that I am now to advocate relates to a much more simple and fundamental question : viz., how, when we have located our teacher, and selected his subjects, and collected a class of intelligent and industrious youth—with or without the stimulus of prospective gain and glory—the instruction should be imparted which the class may be presumed to be fairly eager to acquire.

The answer—or at least the main answer—to this question appears to be thought by most persons so simple as hardly to require a moment's consideration. All that seems to them necessary is that the teacher and the class should be brought together in a room at a certain hour on certain days in the week—varying usually from two to six—and that the teacher should expound his subject in a series of lectures, varying from forty-five to sixty minutes in length. This is the traditional, time-honoured, almost universal practice of University professors, ordinary or extraordinary, in the countries that share European civilisation : it is supported by an overwhelming consensus of opinion and practice, and most persons with whom I have spoken on the subject hardly seem able to conceive it as either needing or admitting fundamental alteration. I do not mean that what I have just described is universally held to constitute the whole of a professor's educational function. In England, at any rate, it is generally thought that academic teaching, to be effective, must include some kind of exercises written by the student and looked over by the teacher, and some kind of oral communication between the two, in the way of question and answer. In Germany, however, the instrument of academic instruction is—in most departments of study, and so far as the majority of students are concerned—simply the lecture ; and even in England it is commonly thought to be the main if not the sole educational business of a professor to expound his subject in a course of lectures.

It is this opinion that appears to me radically erroneous. I regard the ordinary expository lecture—in most subjects, and so far as the most intelligent class of students are concerned—as an antiquated survival : a relic of the times before the printing-press was invented ; maintained partly by the mere conservatism of habit

and the prestige of ancient tradition, partly by the difficulty—which I quite admit—of finding the right substitute for it.

This, then, is the heresy that I have to defend ; but before defending it I wish carefully to limit it, in order not to present too broad a front to an orthodox opponent ; and I therefore wish to except from condemnation various classes of lectures on various grounds. Thus, I except lectures of which the method is dialectic and not simply expository ; and lectures on science or art, in which the exhibition of experiments or specimens forms an essential part of the plan of instruction ; and again, lectures on art or literature, so far as they aim at emotional and æsthetic, not purely intellectual, effects ; and lectures on any subject whatever that are intended to stimulate interest rather than to convey information. For all these purposes I conceive that the use of lectures will increase rather than diminish as civilisation progresses. Further, I have only in view the *élite* of academic students : the intelligent and industrious youth, who have been trained from childhood in the habit of deriving ideas from books, and are able and willing to apply prolonged labour and concentrated attention to the methodical perusal of books under the direction of their teachers. My remarks have no reference to that large part of the community that has never had the opportunity of acquiring a thorough mastery of the art of reading books ; nor do they refer to the class of—so-called—academic students who require the discipline of schoolboys. It may be necessary to drive these latter into lecture-rooms in order to increase the chance of their obtaining the required instruction somehow. I say " increase the chance " because it is by no means certain that young people of this turn of mind will actually drink of the fountain of knowledge, even if they are led to it daily between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. But the compulsion may, no doubt, increase the chance of their imbibing knowledge, since it is difficult to find amusement during a lecture which will distract one's attention completely from the lecturer ; although I have known instances in which the difficulty has been successfully overcome by patient ingenuity.

Leaving, then, out of account exhibitory lectures, dialectic lectures, disciplinary lectures, as well as lectures primarily designed to produce an effect on the emotions, let us confine our attention to

the ordinary expository lecture, in which the lecturer's function is merely to impart instruction by reading or saying a series of words that might be written and printed. My view is that this species of lecture, when addressed to students who have duly learnt, and are willing to use, the art of reading books, is, in most cases, an unsuitable and uneconomical employment of the time of the teacher and the class. In giving the arguments for this view I shall first assume that an adequate exposition of the lecturer's subject either is already obtainable in print, or might be provided in this form by the lecturer himself, if it were considered to be his professional duty to provide it. This being granted, it seems to me obvious that the class of students whom I have in view had better obtain the required instruction by reading the print. The student who reads has two capital advantages over the student who listens: he can vary the pace at will, and he can turn back and compare passages; and, according to my experience as a student, these advantages altogether outweigh the counter-advantage of the additional intelligibility which discourse acquires from the inflections of the human voice and the variations of the speaker's emphasis. For in learning anything it seems to me fundamentally important to be able to take in rapidly what is easy or familiar, and pause to reflect as long as one likes on what is novel or difficult. No doubt a competent lecturer will always try to vary the length of his treatment and the fulness of his illustrations in different parts of his subject, according to his conception of their comparative difficulty. But no lecturer can be sufficiently acquainted with the nature and causes of the transient hesitations and perplexities which beset the intellectual progress of any individual mind; and even if his sympathetic insight were ever so keen and subtle, the diversities in previous knowledge and faculty of apprehension which are commonly found among the members of an actual class render it impossible for him to adapt his exposition closely to the intellectual needs of any individual. Besides, the one thing that the lecturer cannot allow is the pause for reflection: he must go on talking.

Nor, again, can a lecturer give anything that corresponds to the advantage of comparison of passages. It is fundamentally important that anyone systematically studying a new subject should

keep as clear as possible in his mind the relation of what he is now reading or hearing to what he has read or heard before. But it must continually happen that this relation becomes temporarily obscured: the student feels that he is assumed to remember distinctly something that he only remembers vaguely, and perhaps finds what is now said difficult to reconcile with what has been said before. It is very desirable that this vagueness and difficulty should be at once removed by a reference to the half-remembered statements and arguments; this he who reads can do, but he who listens has to listen on with a perplexed and dubious mind.

It may, perhaps, be said that the listener can perform this process after the lecture is over; he can read over his notes and compare them with books or with the notes of other lectures. This I admit; but then, if a lecture is treated in this way—as something to be taken down at the time and understood afterwards—the advantages of oral exposition are largely lost: the process is nearly reduced to one of mere dictation. For the most intelligent pupil feels that if he does not get down on paper the whole substance of the lecture, he may possibly omit some statement of vital importance for the work of reflection and comparison which he has to postpone.

I remember well the occasion on which the view that I am now expressing first presented itself to me in a clear form, nearly thirty years ago. It was the first time that I attended a lecture—by an eminent professor—in a German university. I went at the hour announced; the small lecture-room gradually filled, becoming even fuller than was quite agreeable in the heats of July; and I waited in expectant curiosity. The eminent man came in, according to custom, punctually at the quarter; he carried in his hand a manuscript yellow with age; he did not seem to look at his audience, but fixing his eyes on his manuscript he began to read it aloud with slow monotonous utterance. I glanced round the room; every pupil that I could see was bending over his notebook, writing as hard as he could. The unfamiliar surroundings and the unfamiliar language stimulated my imagination, and I fancied myself back in a world more than four centuries old, in which it had not yet occurred to Coster or Gutenberg that it would be a convenience to

use movable types for the multiplication of copies of MS. I have since listened to many other lectures in German university lecture-rooms, some of which have been admirably delivered; still, the effect of this first experience has never been entirely effaced.

And it is to be observed that so far as the task of a lecturer's class is reduced to a process of multiplication of copies it is a task that might be performed through the medium of a printing-press, not only more economically, but more accurately. It is one more disadvantage of expository lectures as compared with books that they are often not taken down quite correctly. Some important words are misheard, as is very natural when what is written down is imperfectly understood at the time; and the work of subsequent comprehension is thereby needlessly and perhaps seriously confused. I once heard of a man who spent six hours in endeavouring to understand the notes of a lecture that had occupied a single hour! It is true that the lecturer was a bad lecturer, in form and style, but he was not phenomenally bad, nor was the pupil exceptionally unintelligent. Again, I was once told in an Oxford common-room of the sad fortune of a student of philosophy, who had succeeded in reproducing with tolerable fidelity the doctrines of a Transcendentalist metaphysician whose lectures he had been attending, until, in his very last answer, he had occasion to refer several times to the "universal I" which constitutes the centre of the Transcendentalist world. Unluckily he always designated this all-important entity as "universal eye,"—an unauthorised variation which blasted his fair prospects of success. I admit it to be doubtful whether this gentleman would have fathomed the mysteries of Transcendentalism if they had been presented to his eye—I mean his individual eye—instead of his ear; but he would certainly have had a better chance of comprehending them.*

My opponents will perhaps reply that all my argument is based on the unwarrantable assumption that what the lecturer has to say —or an adequate substitute for it—is obtainable in print. But, they will say, if the lecturer is worth his salt this will not be the case; he

* I do not vouch for the literal truth of this story—as truth is sometimes mingled with fiction in Oxford—but I have myself had experiences somewhat similar, though less striking.

will always have something to say which is not in print and which will yet be important for the student to know, and it will be worth the latter's while to go through some trouble to get this. I do not deny that this is to some extent true; an active-minded man, however many books and papers he may have printed, is likely always to have something to say on a subject on which his thoughts are strenuously at work, which may convey the truth as he sees it more exactly or more comprehensibly than he has yet managed to express it in print. I admit, therefore, that there must always be *some* place left for the expository lecture. All I contend is, that the need for it might be very much reduced, and ought to be reduced, by giving every possible encouragement to the teacher to disseminate his doctrine through the medium of the press. My complaint against the existing system is that it has the precisely opposite effect. It gives the utmost inducement to a teacher to keep the most indispensable part of his teaching unpublished. For since law or custom requires him to deliver a certain number of lectures on a given subject, when he has once published a systematic treatise on this subject he finds himself in a dilemma resembling that presented by the Omar of tradition to the Alexandrian Library. What he says in his lecture is either in his book or it is not; if it is there, it is superfluous to say it over again; if it is not there, he cannot regard it as very important unless his views have changed, or some new discovery has been made since he wrote his book. It is easy for him to avoid this dilemma by not printing; and thus—always assuming that what he has to say is of real value—the students elsewhere who cannot go to his lectures are deprived of useful instruction, and the students who do attend them have to receive it in an inconvenient form, in order that the professor may be enabled to fulfil with *éclat* the traditional conception of his functions.

I do not wish to degrade the tone of this discussion by laying stress on sordid pecuniary considerations; but I must mention that I have heard of a professor whose class diminished very markedly after his systematic treatise was published; and it seems obvious that, where there is an active competition among teachers, a man who is conscious of having attracted an audience rather by his

matter than by his manner may reasonably fear and avoid this result. And it is surely a serious economic drawback in the organisation of any kind of labour that the labourer has a strong interest in diminishing, or hampering with inconvenient conditions, the utility that he is appointed to render to society.

My conclusion, then, is that it ought to be regarded as the primary duty of an academic teacher, in relation to the class of students for whom advanced teaching is mainly provided, to supply the best possible instruments of self-instruction in the form of printed books or papers. These ought to be partly his own work, if he is worthy of his position; but the extent to which this ought to be the case will vary with circumstances. To the study of this printed matter his oral teaching ought to be frankly and completely subordinate and supplementary.

In saying this I am anxious not to undervalue oral teaching, or to overlook the counterbalancing advantages which the listener's position has as compared with the reader's. I quite admit that oral delivery must be very bad if the inflections of voice and variations of emphasis do not materially add to the intelligibility of the sentences uttered. Also it may be fairly urged that the line which I have tried to draw, between lectures designed to arouse interest and lectures designed to give information, is only partially tenable; since a good lecture will stimulate while informing, more than the same discourse would do if printed, through the effect of personal presence and utterance in stirring intellectual sympathy. I should be disposed to admit this as a general rule, though I think that there are important exceptions. For instance, having heard J. S. Mill speak, I rather doubt whether, if he had delivered his "Liberty" in oral discourses from a professorial chair, their effect would have been as stimulating as the perusal of the book actually was. Still, on the whole, I allow the advantages claimed for oral teaching in both the respects that I have just mentioned; but I venture to think that both the gain in facilitating comprehension and the stimulus through intellectual sympathy would be more effectually secured if the lecture were used as I desire it to be, as frankly secondary and supplementary to the perusal of printed matter. For in this case the lecturer would be free to devote the

larger part of his time and labour to the work of explaining over again whatever parts of the subject his hearers had been unable adequately to learn from the printed matter which he had placed in their hands.

The precise nature of the supplementary explanations which would thus constitute the main material of ordinary lectures would differ importantly with different subjects, and probably also with different teachers and different classes. The general principle would have to be applied in somewhat diverse ways to linguistic studies, historical studies, mathematics, and moral sciences; and I feel that it would be presumptuous in me to make detailed suggestions with regard to any subject except moral sciences or philosophy, to which my own practical experience has long been almost entirely confined.

In moral sciences, in their present state of uncertainty and controversy, the student must expect—even after the most careful selection of books for his perusal—to find much that will perplex him in all the earlier stages of his progress. Indeed, I may say that if he does not find this, he is either above or beneath our present consideration; he either does not need oral teaching or is not likely to derive much profit from it. Assuming him to be intelligent enough to feel difficulties, and as yet without the grasp of method necessary for solving them, the chief service that the oral teacher can render is to assist in their solution: first by mildly but firmly pressing the pupil to state his difficulties as clearly as possible; and secondly, by giving his own mind to the task of comprehending and answering them. I think that both parts of this indispensable process are liable to be performed without adequate care. Especially I have found it hard to convince my pupils of the importance, for progress in philosophy, of stating perplexities clearly and precisely. The art that has to be learnt in order to achieve this result has been called the art of "concentrating fog." In the earlier stages of philosophical study, fog is sure to arise from time to time, in the perusal even of the best attainable books; from the obscurity of some statements, or their inconsistency with other statements of the same or other writers, or with the reader's previous beliefs. An intellectual fog,

like a physical fog, is very pervasive, and liable rapidly to envelop large portions of a subject even when its original source really lies in a very limited and not very important difficulty. The great thing, therefore, is to concentrate it; and the most effective way of concentrating it is for the student to force himself to state the difficulty on paper. Sometimes, in the mere process of writing it down, the difficulty will disappear like the morning mist, one does not know how; but when this result does not follow, the difficulty has at any rate been brought into the very best condition for being removed by a teacher. And the step gained by such removal of a difficulty, so prepared, is hardly ever lost again.

But though this precise and definite statement of difficulties is always to be recommended, to require it always would be impracticable: the worst confusions and misunderstandings are those of which one is only dimly conscious, in the vague form of a lack of perfect comprehension. A teacher, therefore, while urging precise statement as an ideal to be aimed at, should give ungrudging welcome even to vague and tentative statements of difficulties: he should count it a gain if a pupil will merely tell him that he does not quite understand page 5 of chapter iv., or the second paragraph of page 156. Even if the teacher cannot guess the exact point of the difficulty he will at any rate know on what parts of the subject he should direct his faculty of elucidation. Having thus received all available information as to the intellectual needs of his class, the teacher will be in a position to make his lecture effectively supplementary to the reading of printed matter, by giving a second exposition on the subject, specially framed to fill up the gaps of apprehension left by the first. He must not flatter himself that this second exposition will completely attain his end, but he may hope that the difficulties which remain will not be too extensive to be adequately dealt with in conversation with the students individually after the lecture is over.

This, then, is the practical conclusion to which experience has led me: that in the teaching of philosophy provision should be regularly made for explaining any important argument, if necessary, three times over; first in books and printed papers which the student is to read in his own room; secondly, in a supplementary

lecture, framed in view of written statements of difficulties received from the students ; and thirdly, if necessary, in subsequent informal conversation. These three times ought, I think, normally to suffice to make clear to students who are really fit to study the subject anything which the lecturer really understands. A cynic may say that the practical question for a professor of philosophy is more often how to explain what he only half understands to a class of which at least half had better be studying something else. There may be some truth in this ; but from the investigation of the new practical problem presented by these conditions the indulgent reader will permit me to recoil.

HENRY SIDGWICK.

HOLIDAYS FOR POOR CHILDREN.

WHATEVER differences of opinion may exist as to how much, or how little, may be done by charitable effort to improve the condition of the poorer classes in England without demoralising them, there is one point on which all agree, namely, that the two things which we cannot reasonably expect them to provide, and which we may with safety supply, are their amusements, and fresh air and change for their children. Amusements, such as evening recreation, affect more particularly the older members of the community, and though their good effect and influence on the lives of the men and women who participate in them are very important, it is such a large question and so full of details that we may dismiss it from these pages, and taking the other matter as our text, endeavour to show how much can be done to give health and vigour, both mental and physical, to the children of our community.

I will only deal with my own experience, which I think must be the same as that of others engaged in the same work; for if I were to attempt to go into the statistics and details of other associations I should find my subject wander far beyond the limits of an article.

It is very difficult in writing of any personal work to avoid being egotistical, but in order to explain the means by which I get the sinews of war, and carry out the organisation, I must speak in the first person for a short time. I owe so much of the success of the work to the help and kindness of my fellow workers, that my own share in it appears very little, as experience has taught me how impossible it would be to carry out even so relatively small a scheme, but for enthusiastic co-operation and help.

My work owes its existence entirely to the kindness of Mr. Labouchere, whose love for children is well known, and who has allowed me for some years past to make the pages of *Truth* the medium of communication between those who wished to give the tired, pale, little London children a taste of the joys of the country, and some one who had the means of carrying out their wishes in as economical a way as possible, so as to avoid all secretarial, and other unnecessary expenses, and thus have a guarantee that the money they bestowed was spent only in paying the holiday expenses.

There is nothing that improves the health and condition of children like country air, even in a very limited way, for, when accompanied by good food, it enables a child to get through a bad winter, and gives the health and vigour that no other treatment affords; and as the parents in a large number of cases cannot provide it, even in a very slight way, one's first object is to find the children who stand most in need of it, either from extreme delicacy or poverty. Some of the organisations for providing fresh air for children insist on a certain payment from the parents, as a safeguard against an abuse of the charity; but in many cases this rule precludes the children who stand most in need of it, for the poorest classes are those whose children are underfed and badly clothed, and in whose constitutions the early seeds of disease are undermining and destroying their health. I have always, therefore, made the necessity of the children their qualification, taking any assistance the parents can give, but not insisting on their sharing the expense.

Early in the year, perhaps in the cold days of January, one is accosted in some street or court by little voices calling out loudly, "When may I go into the country, ma'am?" and in Clerkenwell, in which part of London are situated the parishes from which most of our children come, notice is given early in the spring, at the mothers' meeting and the church, that the names of those anxious to send their children into the country can be put on the list which has just been opened. The list is soon filled up, and those whose position admits of their doing so, pay what they can into the fund; and last year more than enough to pay the

fares—3s. 1½d. per head—was provided from the payments made by 400 children from that part of London.

Beginning early in June, before the examinations are over, our first batch of children are, as a rule, of the poorer and more needy classes; and boots and clothing are much more in demand then than during July and August, when the regular school holidays begin, and their places are filled by sometimes very smart and independent young people. It would not be kind to make invidious comparisons, but the poorer children are more easy to manage, and more amenable to control, than those better-to-do; and they enjoy their visit and seem to appreciate more thoroughly what is done for them.

Last year over 1,280 children were sent into the country, and were taken from thirteen parishes in London. Clerkenwell, Southwark, St. Pancras, Shoreditch, Marylebone, St. Mary's (Soho), and St. Peter's (London Docks) are among those from which they were selected, though the largest number have come from the district of Clerkenwell. Each parent receives a paper of rules, which are adhered to very strictly. Cleanliness, a change of clothing, and a doctor's certificate, as regards infectious disease, are the three principal rules, and are never relaxed; and the certificate has proved invaluable in cases, which happily are very rare of illness breaking out in a village where London children have lodged, for the first impulse of the country folk is always to accuse their visitors of bringing it, and the certificate is a guarantee that every precaution to guard against illness has been taken.

The day being arranged on which the children go to the homes ready for them in the country, a rendezvous is given at the station, and long before the hour at which the train starts the platform is crowded with eager little people, waiting with breathless impatience for the time to arrive at which they are to start on their longed-for expedition. Train after train comes and goes, into which they make frantic attempts to get, only to be frustrated by the angry officials, until the long-looked for moment arrives, and they tumble over each other into the carriages, forgetting in their eager haste to say good-bye to the parents and relations that have come to see them off. A clergyman goes down in charge of the party, and from station to

station he visits each carriage, to satisfy himself that no one from sheer delight has jumped out of the windows. Snatches of songs, exclamations of pleasure, and the consumption of the inevitable "sweeties," without which no London child ever seems to go on a holiday, beguile the time away till they reach the end of their journey. If the distance to the cottages which they are to inhabit is short, they walk to them; if too long to walk a cart meets them and drops them in turn at the door of their new home. The average stay of each child is three weeks, but for the more delicate ones the time is extended as circumstances require. We had a good many sick children down in Essex who remained over six weeks and two months. One boy of five, who was recommended by a London dispensary doctor, was in the country for over two months. He was a delicate, pale, fragile, little man, and his mother, though fairly well off, could not afford the expense of keeping him in the country for the ten weeks that the doctor said were absolutely necessary to obviate another bad operation for glandular abscess in the neck. He stayed with a kind woman, the wife of a small farmer, and when he went home he had outgrown all his clothes, and any likeness to his former self, and his mother could hardly recognise in the plump little chap her pale-faced boy. Another little boy who came was ill and weak from want of food, his mother, a widow, being unable to provide it for him. He had terrible nights, from bad dreams brought on by a complete disorganisation of his nervous system from weakness, and he used to awake at night, dripping with cold perspiration, from the horrible nightmares that presented themselves to his poor half-nourished brain. When he left no one could say he was the same child; and the story of two little brothers, Roman Catholic children, sent by a priest from London, who came down thin, pinched little creatures and went back rosy-faced and fat, is one that could be told *ad infinitum*. There are many cases of children who have been cured of what promised to be fatal maladies by a prolongation of their country holiday.

It is only in such cases that the three weeks' rule is relaxed, for it is a curious coincidence that three weeks is about the duration of good behaviour. Boys are always manageable for that time, but afterwards they seem to get out of hand. A very nice old lady,

who takes a good many boys at a time, as she has a large cottage, gave evidence on that point which was conclusive: "I always says three weeks is all they can stand; after that they becomes obstreperous." And she proved to be right. It is difficult to account for the cause, but the fact remains. At the expiration of their three weeks' stay, the same arrangements are carried out with regard to the children's return. The clergyman, or some person in charge, comes down by an early train with the new batch of children who are to take the place of those returning home, and is met at the station by the women who are to take charge of the children, and who bring their departing lodgers, taking back the new ones in their place. Leave-taking is a very trying moment, and perhaps of all the work it is the part that saddens one most. The children have been genuinely happy, for their stay has been one of unalloyed enjoyment, and in the place of green fields and sunshine they are returning, often, to miserable homes and wretched surroundings, to which all they are leaving is such a contrast. I often think of the poor little girl who was found crying one night after her return from the country, because she could not get rest or sleep in her London bed on account of the vermin, and of the pathetic way in which she said, "I had such a nice clean white bed while I was away." What a story of dirt and discomfort was told in the poor child's simple words!

Many people have expressed very strongly their feeling that it is hard on the children, after giving them such a treat, and a glimpse of a happy existence, to send them back to their wretched homes, where they must feel to an increased degree the want of food, as well as the dirt and poverty; and at first sight it may appear so, but in reality there can be but one opinion among those who know anything of the effects of the work. It gives the children three things, which are more than a compensation. It gives them health, memory, and hope. Memory of a time so absolutely happy, and hope that it will return another year. And in their lives how much happiness that means.

It is necessary to make strict rules as to age, and to confine the work to boys under twelve and girls under fourteen. Older children could not be dealt with in great numbers; and when, as

was the case in Essex, the children came down in large numbers—over one hundred at a time—the rule had to be strictly enforced. No boy of over twelve, if he is a fairly strong fellow, can be controlled by women, should he be wilful or obstinate; and as it is always women who have the charge and responsibility of the children, they urged the necessity of such a restriction. The same rule, with certain modifications, applies also to girls over fourteen, for they cannot always be trusted to behave well, or to be controlled by the people with whom they lodge, over that age. Little children, as young as four, if sent with an older brother and sister, are always welcome, and very tender and careful are the little nurses of their baby charges.

In Berkshire, some four years ago, the country people were very suspicious and cautious on embarking in the undertaking. They were in receipt of good wages for agricultural labourers—14s. a week—and did not consider the payment of 5s. a week for children under twelve, and 6s. a week for children over that age, enough. It was no use pointing out to them that it was, and proving it by their own example when, taking five persons as the average number in a household, their wages ought to have been 25s. instead of 14s. a week, to enable them to live. At last they agreed to try, and cautiously took two, then three children, and ended by clamouring for more than their cottages could possibly hold, and, when refused, venting their feelings in very emphatic language. It was amusing to hear the audacious requests for children among people whose houses were too small for their own families, much less for lodgers. There was a woman in one village who had as many as fourteen children in her cottage, taking them from three different organisations, which never discovered what she was doing till, in a moment of indiscretion, she boasted before a friend less fortunate than herself of her good luck. The friend at once gave information to the Sanitary Inspector, with the result that a black mark was placed against the woman's name for the future. In our own case we inspect every cottage, seeing what bedroom accommodation it possesses, and use no house unless recommended by local clergymen. Proper accommodation is not the only important matter, for the morality and sobriety of the homes to which the children are sent

are quite as necessary as that they should not be put to live where the sanitary conditions are unsatisfactory.

When we remember what the wages of our agricultural population in many parts of England are, it is easy to understand what a help the money paid for London lodgers must be to the families who take them. In Essex the weekly earnings of the farm labourer are 11s., and when, as in many cases, the cottages are large enough to take three and four, or even only two, children, the payment does a good deal more than cover expenses. Many a woman has told me that, but for what she was able to save out of the money we paid for the London children, she did not know how in the last few bad years she could have got through the winter. And this does not mean that the children are either underfed or badly treated, for we have rarely had complaints of insufficient food, and where they have been made, careful inquiry has proved that the children were exaggerating. For instance, as in the case of one young lady, who complained that she found a great want of variety in the food, because at home she "sometimes had chicken, and very often lamb." The children are fed plainly, but substantially, and every day have either meat, or soup, bacon, puddings, fruit tarts, plenty of good bread, and in Essex plenty of milk; but in some parts of England, especially in Berkshire, the scarcity of milk was very great. We often visit the cottages at dinner time, and have always been satisfied; and the children always complain of their food if it is bad or insufficient. It would not pay the people who take the children to starve them, for it would be certain to be detected; and when there is a family of five or six sitting down to meals it does not add much to the expense to feed three or four extra children, even though, as many of the women say, they are very "hearty." But the people are very kind and good to the children, and a great deal more forbearing and gentle with them than folk in a higher walk of life; another instance of the kindness of the poor to each other.

One good effect of the work has been to knit together in stronger bonds of sympathy the dwellers in the country with their brothers and sisters in the great cities; and it has shown the agricultural population, wherever they have come into contact with the work,

that hard and stern as are their lives, and difficult their existence, it is not so dark and dreary as the lives of the poor in our large towns. Nothing is more striking than their realisation of that fact, and the help and sympathy it has evoked are genuine and touching. When little children from London come to their country homes, and the good wife sees their worn and tattered garments, and hears from their lips, what the evidence of her eyes has already told her, of the struggles and misery of their lives, it has made many women say they felt ashamed to think they had ever grumbled at the hardness of their own lot.

There are one or two amusing little facts that one learns after a time; for instance, the demand for girls is much in excess of that for boys. Girls eat less and are more easy to manage, and sometimes it is difficult to place boys, everyone not having the enterprise of the old lady, who took both in turn so that she could be sure which she liked best, and arrived at the conclusion that one was not a bit better than the other.

Among other amusing things are the complaints about dirt and insufficient clothing. We are always a little anxious, as every new batch of children come, on the subject of cleanliness, and the day after their arrival messages or missives are sure to arrive begging for an immediate visit, or advice, or a box of ointment, which latter remedy works wonders. The question of heads is a very serious and troublesome one, and it has to be treated promptly. The rule that all hair shall be cut short is easily enforced among little girls, but among some of the older ones any attempt to interfere with their coiffeur is bitterly resented, and, did space admit, I could tell many funny stories of the summary remedies applied in such cases. It is a curious fact that some of the dirtiest children come from the well-to-do classes, while the cleanest children are those of the very poorest, whose clothing, scant and poor as it is, and darned and patched beyond all description, is as clean as that of one's own children.

Want of clothing is the great need among them, for it is generally worn out, and unfit for the time of year, and frequently they have not a change of any sort. Boots and shoes, though in a fairly substantial condition when they arrive, soon get worn out, for three weeks in the country quite takes "the shine out of 'em," as a

boy said who had worn away all his soles and had only the uppers of his boots left, which flapped about from side to side when he walked and were no protection to his feet. The children do not go to school, but, when possible, they attend Sunday-school and go to church, as it keeps them out of mischief. They enjoy it, and last year in Essex, in the parish of Dedham, where some hundreds of children were boarded, Mr. Jones, the vicar, gave them a weekly service in a school-house close to where they lodged, but in no other way was the completeness of their holiday interfered with.

One great enjoyment in Essex was their proximity to the sea, and though the beach was only the muddy banks of the Stour, day after day, at high tide, the shore was alive with little pink bodies, running about, in and out, splashing themselves, and at the sound of an approaching carriage running into the water to hide, like a lot of rabbits in a warren. Bathing was what the boys enjoyed most, and one old lady who had six boys boarding with her, when she went into Manningtree for supplies, always locked her house up, and took them with her, making them go and bathe while she marketed, as she said she knew then that they were safe and out of mischief. But these precautions were always carried out in a kindly spirit, for in reality the women who have charge of the children get very much attached to them, and show with great pride the grateful letters they receive from their little visitors and their parents. Invitations to return as guests at Christmas were not infrequent, and in Berkshire, where the distance was less, and the journey not so expensive, the children in many instances came back to spend a few days at a time with their former landlady.

As I said before, the only drawback to the whole work is the saying good-bye; for to many children the contrast between the peace, quiet, and plenty they are leaving and their own home is a very terrible one. I could tell many stories of the grief and distress of some of our poor little ones at going back to London, but it is not well to dwell too strongly on the dark side of a work that really does only good. There is one little story which, I think, however, bears repeating, of two little children, who were found by the woman who had charge of them (after they had been dressed and got ready to go to the station on their return home) in the bedroom in

which they had slept during their stay, on their knees before the bed and chairs in the room, covering them with kisses of gratitude for all the comfort they had given, and saying their last good-bye to them. No words could convey the idea of thankfulness more eloquently than those infant caresses. Even the sorrow of parting from their friends and going back to their poor homes has a brighter side and a further-reaching influence than one realises at the beginning, for it has put the desire for a country life into the minds of many of our boys, and many girls view a country situation with much less aversion. In all the grief of parting one cannot but feel sure, looking at their bonnie little faces and rosy cheeks, and contrasting them with the pale, thin faces of three weeks before, that the visit to the children has been productive of nothing but good, morally and physically, and put aside any misgivings as to whether it is a mistake to give them a taste of such pleasure. Laden with trophies of their expeditions, their pockets stuffed with fruit, their arms full of flowers, branches of trees, and corn, they tramp away to the station sad at heart, no doubt, but stronger and happier than they could ever have been but for their time in the country, with its endless pleasures and never-ending memories. The sorrow is soon forgotten in the excitement of being in the train, and they shout "Good-bye, ma'am," and "Hullo, father" (as they see the good clergyman who has come to take them home), in precisely the same tone of voice, soothing one's misgivings and enforcing the conviction that while the pleasures of children are real and permanent, their sorrows are ephemeral.

But the success of the work lies in the fact that it is the first time in the children's lives in which they are brought into contact with the beauties of nature, and of all the lessons she teaches. To them she speaks with a voice and an eloquence quite indescribable, which we who live in constant communion with her never hear. For the first time in their lives, the narrow court, the small, dark rooms, and the foul smells of the large town disappear, and the broad bosom of nature, with the green fields, the bright sunshine, the perfume of flowers, and the songs of birds take their place. Is it all a dream? the child wonders; and the question,

"Is all this glory unending and the property of every one of God's creatures?" is asked and answered.

A child's mind takes but few impressions, and never more than one at a time, and the whole holiday is one great dream of happiness. They think no more of what they have left behind or are to return to, and when the moment arrives to go back they take with them a glorious memory which neither sorrow, nor cold, nor hunger can make them forget. The sorrows and joys of older people are much the same as children's, and we all cling to the memory of what was beautiful and precious long after it has vanished out of our lives, and left nought but bitterness and pain in its place. But in the children's memories there is no pain; the bright blue of the skies, the whispering of the winds in the trees, the joyous songs of the birds, the glorious sun which they watch with wonder and delight as he rises from his golden bed in the morning till he sinks to sleep in rosy clouds at night, all speak to them in words we cannot understand of happiness and peace, which, though given but sparingly to them on earth, will be poured out with lavish generosity in a hereafter, of which the stories told them by the voice of nature give but a faint idea. For the voice of nature to many of the children is the voice of God, speaking to them for the first time in their dark little lives, and telling them that their existence here is not the limit of life, and that behind the clouds the eternal sun of justice and love is still shining.

MARY JEUNE.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD and ANDREW LANG.

Helenam vero immortalem fuisse indicat tempus.—Servius. Æneid II., 501.

BOOK I.

Chapter IV.

THE BLOOD-RED SEA

A HARD fight it had been and a long, and the Wanderer was weary. He took the tiller of the ship in his hand, and steered for the South and for the noonday sun which was now at his highest in the heavens. But suddenly the bright light of the sky was darkened and the air was filled with the rush, and the murmur, and the winnowing of innumerable wings. It was as if all the birds that have their homes and seek their food in the great salt marsh of Cayster had risen from the South and had flown over sea in one hour, for the heaven was darkened with their flight, and loud with the call of cranes and the whistling cry of the wild ducks. So dark was the thick mass of flying fowl, that a flight of swans shone snowy against the black cloud of their wings. At the view of them the Wanderer caught his bow eagerly into his hand and set an arrow on the string, and, taking a careful aim at the white wedge of birds, he shot a wild swan through the breast as it swept high over the mast. Then, with all the speed of its rush, the wild white swan flashed down like lightning into the sea behind the ship. The Wanderer watched its fall, when, lo! the water where the dead swan fell splashed up as red as blood and all afoam! The long silver wings and snowy plumage floated on the surface flecked with blood-red stains, and the Wanderer marvelled as he bent over the bulwarks and gazed steadily upon the sea. Then he saw that the wide sea round the ship was covered, as far as the eye could reach, as it were with a blood-red scum. Hither and thither the red stain was tossed like foam, yet beneath, where the deep wave divided, the Wanderer saw that the streams of the sea were grey and green below the crimson dye. As he watched he saw, too, that the red froth was drifted always onward from the South and from the mouth of the River of Egypt, for behind the wake of the ship it was most red of all, though he had not marked it while the battle raged. But in front the colour grew thin as if the stain that the river washed down was all but spent. In his heart the Wanderer thought, as any man must have done, that on the banks of the River of Egypt there had been some battle of

great nations, and that the War God had raged furiously, wherefore the holy river as it ran forth stained all the sacred sea. Where war was, there was his home, no other home had he now, and all the more eagerly he steered right on to see what the Gods would send him. The flight of birds was over and past; it was two hours after noon, the light was high in the heaven, when, as he gazed, another shadow fell on him, for the sun in mid-heaven grew small, and red as blood. Slowly a mist rose up over it from the South, a mist that was thin but as black as night. Beyond, to the southward, there was a bank of cloud like a mountain wall, steep, and polished, and black, tipped along the ragged crest with fire, and opening ever and again with flashes of intolerable splendour, while the bases were scrawled over with lightning like a written scroll. Never had the Wanderer in all his voyaging on the sea and on the great River Oceanus that girdles the earth, and severs the dead from the living men—never had he beheld such a darkness. Presently he came as it were within the jaws of it, dark as a wolf's mouth, so dark that he might not see the corpses on the deck, nor the mast, nor the dead man swinging from the yard, nor the captain of the Phœnicians who groaned aloud below, praying to his gods. But in the wake of the ship there was one break of clear blue sky on the horizon, in which the little isle where he had slain the Sidonians might be discerned far off, as bright and white as ivory.

Now, though he knew it not, the gates of his own world were closing behind the Wanderer for ever. To the North, whence he came, lay the clear sky, and the sunny capes and isles, and the airy mountains of the Argive lands, white with the temples of familiar Gods. But in face of him, to the South, whither he went, was a cloud of darkness and a land of darkness itself. There were things to befal more marvellous than are told in any tale; there was to be a war of the peoples, and of the Gods, the True Gods and the False, and there he should find the last embraces of Love, the False Love and the True.

Foreboding somewhat of the perils that lay in front, the Wanderer was tempted to shift his course and sail back to the sunlight. But he was one that had never turned his hand from the plough, nor his foot from the path, and he thought that now his path was foreordained. So he lashed the tiller with a rope, and groped his way with his hands along the deck till he reached the altar of the dwarf gods, where the embers of the sacrifice still were glowing faintly. Then with his sword he cut some spear-shafts and broken arrows into white chips, and with them he filled a little brazier, and taking the seed of fire from the altar set light to it from beneath. Presently the wood blazed up through the noonday night, and the fire flickered and flared on the faces of the dead men that lay about the deck, rolling to larboard and to starboard, as the vessel lurched, and the flame shone red on the golden armour of the Wanderer.

Of all his voyages this was the strangest seafaring, he cruising alone, with a company of the dead, deep into a darkness without measure or bound, to a land that might not be descried. Strange gusts of sudden wind blew him hither and thither. The breeze would rise in a moment from any quarter, and die as suddenly as it rose, and another wind would chase it over the chopping seas. He knew not if he sailed South or North, he knew not how time passed, for there was no sight of the sun. It was night without a dawn. Yet his heart was gay, as if he had been a boy again, for the old sorrows were forgotten, so potent was the draught of the chalice of the Goddess, and so glad was the delight of battle.

"Endure, my heart," he cried, as he had often cried before, "a worse thing

than this thou hast endured," and he caught up a lyre of the dead Sidonians, and sang :—

Though the light of the sun be hidden,
  Though his race be run,
Though we sail in a sea forbidden
  To the golden sun ;
Though we wander alone, unknowing,—
  Oh, heart of mine,—
The path of the strange sea-going,
  On the blood-red brine ;
Yet endure ! We shall not be shaken
  By things worse than these ;
We have 'scaped, when our friends were taken,
  On the unsailed seas ;
Worse deaths have we faced and fled from,
  In the Cyclops' den,
When the floor of his cave ran red from
  The blood of men,
Worse griefs have we known undaunted,
  Worse fates have fled ;
When the Isle that our long love haunted
  Lay waste and dead !

So he was chanting when he descried, faint and far off, a red glow cast up along the darkness like sunset on the sky of the underworld. For this light he steered, and soon he saw two tall pillars of flame blazing beside each other, with a narrow space of night between them. He helmed the ship towards these, and when he came near them they were like two mighty mountains of wood burning far into heaven, and each was as lofty as the pyre that blazes over men slain in some red war, and each pile roared and flared above a steep crag of smooth black basalt, and between the burning mounds of fire lay the still flame-flecked water of a haven.

The ship neared the haven and the Wanderer saw, moving like fireflies through the night, the lanterns in the prows of boats, and from one of the boats a sailor hailed him in the speech of the people of Egypt, asking him if he desired a pilot.

"Yea," he shouted. The boat drew near, and the pilot came aboard, a torch in his hand ; but when his eyes fell on the dead men in the ship, and the horror hanging from the yard, and the captain bound to the iron bar, and above all, on the golden armour of the hero, and on the spear-point fast in his helm, and on his terrible face, he shrank back in dread, as if the God Osiris himself, in the Ship of Death, had reached the harbour. But the Wanderer bade him have no fear, telling him that he came with much wealth and with a great gift for the Pharaoh. The pilot, therefore, plucked up heart, and took the helm, and between the two great hills of blazing fire the vessel glided into the smooth waters of the River of Egypt, the flames glittering on the Wanderer's mail as he stood by the mast, and chanted the Song of the Bow.

Then, by the counsel of the pilot, the vessel was steered up the river towards the Temple of Heracles in Tanis, where there is a sanctuary for strangers, and where no man may harm them. But first, the dead Sidonians were cast overboard into the great river, for the dead bodies of men are an abomination

to the Egyptians. And as each body struck the water the Wanderer saw a hateful sight, for the face of the river was lashed into foam by the sudden leaping and rushing of huge four-footed fish, or so the Wanderer deemed them. The sound of the heavy plunging of the great water-beasts, as they darted forth on the prey, smiting at each other with their tails, and the gnashing of their jaws when they bit too eagerly, and only harmed the air, and the leap of a greedy sharp snout from the waves, even before the dead man cast from the ship had quite touched the water—these things were horrible to see and hear through the blackness and by the firelight. A River of Death it seemed, haunted by the horrors that are feigned to prey upon the souls and bodies of the Dead. For the first time the heart of the Wanderer died within him, at the terror of the darkness and of this dread river and of the water-beasts that dwelt within it. Then he remembered how the birds had fled in terror from this place, and he bethought him of the blood-red sea.

When the dead men were all cast overboard and the river was once more still, the Wanderer spoke, sick at heart, and inquired of the pilot why the sea had run so red, and whether war was in the land, and why there was night over all that country. The fellow answered that there was no war, but peace, yet the land was strangely plagued with frogs and locusts and lice in all their coasts, the sacred River Sihor running red for three whole days, and now, at last, for this the third day, darkness over all the world. But as to the cause of these curses the pilot knew nothing, being a plain man. Only the story went among the people that the Gods were angered with Khem (as they call Egypt) which, indeed, was easy to see, for those things could come only from the Gods. But why they were angered the pilot knew not, still it was commonly thought that the Divine Hathor, the Goddess of Love, was wrath because of the worship given in Tanis to one they called THE STRANGE HATHOR, a goddess or a woman of wonderful beauty, whose temple was in Tanis. Concerning her the pilot said that many years ago, some thirty years, she had first appeared in the country, coming none knew whence, and had been worshipped in Tanis, and had again departed as mysteriously as she came. But now she had once more chosen to appear visible to men, strangely, and to dwell in her Temple; and the men who beheld her could do nothing but worship her for her beauty. Whether she was a mortal woman or a goddess the pilot did not know, only he thought that she who dwells in Atarhechis, Hathor of Khem, the Queen of Love, was angry with the Strange Hathor, and had sent the darkness and the plagues to punish them who worshipped her. The people of the seaboard also murmured that it would be well to drive the Strange Hathor from their coasts, if she were a goddess; and if she were a woman to stone her with stones. But the people of Tanis vowed that they would rather die, one and all, than do aught but adore the incomparable beauty of their strange Goddess. Others again, held that two wizards, leaders of certain slaves of a strange race, wanderers from the desert, settled in Tanis, whom they called the Apura, caused all these sorrows by art-magic. As if, forsooth, said the pilot, those barbarian slaves were more powerful than all the priests of Egypt. But for his part, the pilot knew nothing, only that if the Divine Hathor were angry with the people of Tanis it was hard that she must plague all the land of Khem.

So the pilot murmured, and his tale was none of the shortest; but even as he spoke the darkness grew less dark and the cloud lifted a little so that the shores of the river might be seen in a green light like the light of Hades, and

presently the night was rolled up like a veil, and it was living noonday in the land of Khem. Then all the noise of life broke forth in one moment, the kine lowing, the wind bowing the feathery palms, the fish splashing in the stream, men crying to each other from the river banks, and the voice of multitudes of people in every red temple praising Ra, their great God, whose dwelling is the sun. The Wanderer, too, praised his own Gods, and gave thanks to Apollo, and to Helios Hyperion, and to Aphrodite. And in the end the pilot brought the ship to the quay of a great white-walled city, and there a crew of oarsmen was hired and they sped rejoicing in the sunlight to Tanis and the Sanctuary of Heracles, the Safety of Strangers. There the ship was moored, there the Wanderer rested, kindly received by the shaven priests of the temple.

Chapter V.

MERIAMUN THE QUEEN.

STRANGE news flies fast. It was not long before the Pharaoh, who then was with his Court in Tanis, the newly rebuilded city, heard how there had come to Khem a man like a god, wearing golden armour, and cruising alone in a ship of the dead. At that time the white barbarians of the sea and of the isles were wont to land in Egypt, to ravage the fields, carry women captive, and fly again in their ships. But not one of them had dared to sail in the armour of the Aquaiusha, as the Egyptians named the Achæans, right up the river to the city of Pharaoh. The King, therefore, was amazed at the story, and when he heard that the stranger had taken sanctuary in the Temple of Heracles, he sent instantly for his chief counsellor. This was his Master Builder, who bore a high title in the land, an ancient priest named Rei. He had served through the long reign of the King's father, the great Rameses the Second, and he was a favourite both of Meneptah and of Meriamun his Queen. Him the King charged to visit the Sanctuary and bring the stranger before him. So Rei called for his mule, and rode down to the Temple of Heracles beyond the walls.

When Rei came, the priest went before him and led him to the chamber where the warrior chanced to be eating the lily bread of the land, and drinking the wine of the Delta. He rose as Rei entered, and he was still clad in his golden armour, for as yet he had not any change of raiment. Beside him, on a bronze tripod, lay his helmet, the Achæan helmet, with its two horns and with the bronze spear-point still fast in the gold.

The eyes of Rei the Priest fell on the helmet, and he gazed so strangely at it that he scarcely heard the Wanderer's salutation. He answered at length courteously, but always his eyes wandered back to the broken spear-point.

"Is this thine, my son?" he asked, taking it in his hand, while his voice trembled.

"It is my own," said the Wanderer, "though the spear-head in it was lent me of late, in return for arrows not a few and certain sword-strokes," and he smiled.

The ancient priest bade the temple servants retire, and as they went they heard him murmuring a prayer.

"The Dead spoke truth," he muttered, still gazing from the helmet in his hand to the Wanderer; "ay, the Dead speak seldom, but they never lie."

"My son, thou hast eaten and drunk," said Rei the Priest and Master Builder, "and may an old man ask whence thou camest, where is thy native city, and who are thy parents?"

"I come from Alybas," answered the Wanderer, for his own name was too widely known, and he loved an artful tale. "I come from Alybas; I am the son of Apheidas, son of Polypemon, and my own name is Eperitus."

"And wherefore comest thou here alone in a ship of dead men, and with more treasure than a king's ransom?"

"It was men of Sidon who laboured and died for all that cargo," said the Wanderer; "they voyaged far for it, and toiled hard, but they lost it in an hour. For they were not content with what they had, but made me a prisoner as I lay asleep on the coast of Crete. But the Gods gave me the upper hand of them

and I bring their captain, and much white metal and many swords and cups and beautiful woven stuffs, as a gift to your King. And for thy courtesy, come with me, and choose a gift for thyself."

Then he led the old man to the treasure chambers of the Temple, which was rich in the offerings of many travellers, gold and turquoise and frankincense from Sinai and Punt, great horns of carved ivory from the unknown East and the South ; bowls and baths of silver from the Khita, who were the allies of Egypt. But amidst all the wealth, the stranger's cargo made a goodly show, and the old priest's eyes glittered as he looked at it.

"Take thy choice, I pray thee," said the Wanderer, "the spoils of foemen are the share of friends."

The priest would have refused, but the Wanderer saw that he looked curiously at a bowl of transparent amber, from the far-off Northern seas, that was embossed with curious figures of men and gods, and huge fishes, such as are unknown in the Midland waters. The Wanderer put it into the hands of Rei.

"Thou shalt keep this," he said, "and pledge me in wine from it when I am gone, in memory of a friend and a guest."

Rei took the bowl, and thanked him, holding it up to the light to admire the golden colour.

"We are always children," he said, smiling gravely. "See an old child whom thou hast made happy with a toy. But we are men too soon again ; the King bids thee come with me before him. And, my son, if thou would'st please me more than by any gift, I pray thee pluck that spear-head from thy helmet before thou comest into the presence of the Queen."

"Pardon me," said the Wanderer. "I would not harm my helmet by tearing it roughly out, and I have no smith's tools here. The spear-point, my father, is a witness to the truth of my tale, and for one day more, or two, I must wear it."

Rei sighed, bowed his head, folded his hands, and prayed to his God Amen, saying :

"O Amen, in whose hand is the end of a matter, lighten the burden of these sorrows, and let the vision be easy of accomplishment, and I pray thee, O Amen, let thy hand be light on thy daughter Meriamun, the Lady of Khem."

Then the old man led the Wanderer out, and bade the priests make ready a chariot for him ; and so they went through Tanis to the Court of Meneptah. Behind them followed the priests, carrying gifts that the Wanderer had chosen from the treasures of the Sidonians, and the miserable captain of the Sidonians was dragged along after them, bound to the hinder part of a chariot. Through the gazing crowd they all passed on to the Hall of Audience, where, between the great pillars, sat Pharaoh on his golden throne. Beside him, at his right hand, was Meriamun, the beautiful Queen, who looked at the priests with weary eyes, as if at a matter in which she had no concern. They came in and beat the earth with their brows before the King. First came the officers, leading the captain of the Sidonians for a gift to Pharaoh, and the King smiled graciously and accepted the slave.

Then came others, bearing the cups of gold fashioned like the heads of lions and rams, and the swords with pictures of wars and huntings etched on their blades in many-coloured gold, and the necklets of amber from the North, which the Wanderer had chosen as gifts for Pharaoh's Queen and Pharaoh. He had silks, too, embroidered in gold, the needlework of Sidonian women, and all

these the Queen Meriamun touched to show her acceptance of them, and smiled graciously and wearily. But the covetous Sidonian groaned, when he saw his wealth departing from him, the gains for which he had hazarded his life in unsailed seas. Lastly, Pharaoh bade them lead the Wanderer in before his presence, and he came unhelmeted, in all his splendour, the goodliest man that had ever been seen in Khem. He was of no great height, but very great of girth, and of strength unmatched, and with the face of one who had seen what few have seen and lived. The beauty of youth was gone from him, but his face had the comeliness of a warrior tried on sea and land; the eyes were of a valour invincible, and no woman could see him but she longed to be his love.

As he entered murmurs of amazement passed over all the company, and all eyes were fixed on him, save only the weary and wandering eyes of the listless Meriamun. But when she chanced to lift her face, and gaze on him, they who watch the looks of kings and queens saw her turn grey as the dead, and clutch with her hand at her side. Pharaoh himself saw this though he was not quick to mark what passed, and he asked her if anything ailed her, but she answered:—

"Nay, only methinks the air is sick with heat and perfume. Greet thou this stranger." But beneath her robe her fingers were fretting all the while at the golden fringes of her throne.

"Welcome, thou Wanderer," cried Pharaoh, in a deep and heavy voice, "welcome! By what name art thou named, and where dwell thy people, and what is thy native land?"

Bowing low before Pharaoh, the Wanderer answered, with a feigned tale, that his name was Eperitus of Alybas, the son of Apheidas. The rest of the story, and how he had been taken by the Sidonians, and how he had smitten them on the seas, he told as he had told it to Rei. And he displayed his helmet with the spear-point fast in it. But when she saw this Meriamun rose to her feet as if she would be gone, and then fell back into her seat even paler than before.

"The Queen, help the Queen, she faints," cried Rei the Priest, whose eyes had never left her face. One of her ladies, a beautiful woman, ran to her, knelt before her, and chafed her hands, till she came to herself, and sat up with angry eyes.

"Let be!" she said, "and let the slave who tends the incense be beaten on the feet. Nay, I will remain here, I will not to my chamber. Let be!" and her lady drew back afraid.

Then Pharaoh bade men lead the Sidonian out, and slay him in the market-place for his treachery, but the man, whose name was Kurri, threw himself at the feet of the Wanderer, praying for his life. The Wanderer was merciful, when the rage of battle was over, and his blood was cool.

"A boon, oh Pharaoh Meneptah," he cried. "Spare me this man! He saved my own life when the crew would have cast me overboard. Let me pay my debt."

"Let him be spared, as thou wilt have it so," spoke Pharaoh, "but revenge dogs the feet of foolish mercy, and many debts are paid ere all is done."

Thus it chanced that Kurri was given to Meriamun to be her jeweller and to work for her in gold and silver. To the Wanderer was allotted a chamber in the Royal Palace, for the Pharaoh trusted that he would be a leader of his Guard, and took great pleasure in his beauty and his strength.

As he left the Hall of Audience with Rei, the Queen Meriamun lifted her eyes again, and looked on him long, and her ivory face flushed rosy, like the

ivory that the Sidonians dye red for the trappings of the horses of kings. But the Wanderer marked both the sudden fear and the blush of Meriamun, and, beautiful as she was, he liked it ill, and his heart foreboded evil. When he was alone with Rei, therefore, he spoke to him of this, and prayed the old man to tell him if he could guess at all the meaning of the Queen.

"For to me," he said, "it was as if the Lady knew my face, and even as if she feared it; but I never saw her like in all my wanderings. Beautiful she is, and yet—but it is ill speaking in their own land of kings and queens!"

At first, when the Wanderer spoke thus, Rei put it by, smiling. But the Wanderer, seeing that he was troubled and remembering how he had prayed him to pluck the spear-point from his helmet, pressed him hard with questions. Thus, partly out of weariness, and partly for love of him, and also because a secret had long been burning in his heart, the old man took the Wanderer into his own room in the Palace, and there he told him all the story of Meriamun the Queen.

Chapter VI.

THE STORY OF MERIAMUN.

Rei, the Priest of Amen, the Master Builder, began his story unwillingly enough, and slowly, but soon he took pleasure in telling it as old men do, and in sharing the burden of a secret.

"The Queen is fair," he said; "thou hast seen no fairer in all thy voyagings?"

"She is fair indeed," answered the Wanderer. "I pray that she be well-mated and happy on her throne?"

"That is what I will tell thee of, though my life may be the price of the tale," said Rei. "But a lighter heart is well worth an old man's cheap risk, and thou may'st help me and her, when thou knowest all. Pharaoh Meneptah, her lord, the King, is the son of the divine Rameses, the ever living Pharaoh, child of the Sun, who dwelleth in Osiris."

"Thou meanest that he is dead?" asked the Wanderer.

"He dwelleth with Osiris," said the Priest, "and the Queen was his daughter by another bed."

"A brother wed a sister!" exclaimed the Wanderer.

"It is the custom of our Royal House, from the days of the Timeless Kings, the children of Horus. An old custom."

"The ways of his hosts are good in the eyes of a stranger," said the Wanderer, courteously.

"It is an old custom, and a sacred," said Rei, "but women, the custom-makers, are often custom-breakers. And of all women, Meriamun least loves to be obedient, even to the dead. And yet she has obeyed and it came about thus. Her brother Meneptah—who now is Pharaoh—the Prince of Kush while her divine father lived, had many half sisters, but Meriamun was the fairest of them all. She is beautiful, a moon-child the common people called her, and wise, and she does not know the face of fear. And thus it chanced that she learned, what even our Royal women rarely learn, all the ancient secret wisdom of his ancient land. Except Queen Taia of old, no woman has known what Meriamun knows, what I have taught her—I and another counsellor."

He paused here, and his mind seemed to turn on unhappy things.

"I have taught her from her childhood," he went on—"would that I had been her only familiar—and, after her divine father and mother, she loved me more than any, for she loved few. But of all whom she did not love she loved her Royal brother least. He is slow of speech, and she is quick. She is fearless and he has no heart for war. From her childhood she scorned him, mocked him, and mastered him with her tongue. She even learned to excel him in the chariot races—therefore it was that the King his father made him but a General of the Foot Soldiers—and in guessing riddles, which our people love, she delighted to conquer him. The victory was easy enough, for the divine Prince is heavy witted; but Meriamun was never tired of girding at him. Plainly, even as a little child she grudged that he should come to wield the scourge of power, and wear the double crown, while she should live in idleness, and hunger for command."

"It is strange, then, that of all his sisters, if one must be Queen, he should have chosen her," said the Wanderer.

"Strange, and it happened strangely. The Prince's father, the divine Rameses, had willed the marriage. The Prince hated it no less than Meriamun, but the will of a father is the will of the Gods. In one sport the divine Prince excelled, in the Game of Pieces, an old game in Khem. It is no pastime for women, but even at this Meriamun was determined to master her brother. She bade me carve her a new set of the pieces fashioned with the heads of cats, and shaped from the hard wood of Azebi.* I carved them with my own hands, and night by night she played with me, who have some name for skill at the sport.

"One sunset it chanced that her brother came in from hunting the lion in the Libyan hills. He was in an evil humour, for he had found no lions, and he caused the huntsmen to be stretched out, and beaten with rods. Then he called for wine, and drank deep at the palace gate, and the deeper he drank the darker grew his humour.

"He was going to his own Court in the Palace, striking with a whip at his hounds, when he chanced to turn and see Meriamun. She was sitting where those three great palm trees are, and was playing at pieces with me in the cool of the day. There she sat in the shadow, clad in white and purple, and with the red gold of the snake of royalty in the blackness of her hair. There she sat as beautiful as the Hathor, the Queen of Love ; or as the Lady Isis when she played at pieces in Amenti with the ancient King. Nay, an old man may say it, there never was but one woman more fair than Meriamun, if a woman she be, she whom our people call the *Strange Hathor*."

Now the Wanderer bethought him of the tale of the pilot, but said nothing and Rei went on.

"The Prince saw her, and his anger sought for something new to break itself on. Up he came, and I rose before him, and bowed myself. But Meriamun fell indolently back in her chair of ivory, and with a sweep of her slim hand she disordered the pieces, and bade her waiting woman, the lady Hataska, gather up the board, and carry all away. But Hataska's eyes were secretly watching the Prince.

"'Greeting, Princess, our Royal sister,' said Meneptah. 'What art thou doing with these?' and he pointed with his chariot whip at the cat-headed pieces. 'This is no woman's game, these pieces are not soft hearts of men to be moved on the board by love. This game needs wit! Get thee to thy broidery, for there thou may'st excel.'

"'Greeting, Prince, and Royal brother,' said Meriamun. 'I laugh to hear thee speak of a game that needs wit. Thy hunting hast not prospered, so get thee to the banquet board, for there, I hear, the Gods have granted thee to excel.'

"'It is little to say,' answered the Prince, throwing himself into the chair whence I had risen, 'it is little to say, but at the game of pieces I have wit enough to give thee a temple, a priest, and five bowmen, and yet win,'—for these, O Wanderer, are the names of some of the pieces.

"'I take the challenge,' cried Meriamun, for now she had brought him where she wanted ; 'but I will take no odds. Here is my wager. I will play thee three games, and stake the sacred circlet upon my brow, against the Royal uraeus on thine, and the winner shall wear both.'

"'Nay, nay, Lady,' I was bold to say, 'this were too high a stake.'

* Cyprus.

"'High or low, I accept the wager,' answered the Prince. 'This sister of mine has mocked me too long. She shall find that her woman's wit cannot match me at my own game, and that my father's son, the Royal Prince of Kush and the Pharoah who shall be, is more than her equal. I hold thy wage, Meriamun!'

"'Go then, Prince,' she cried, 'and after sunset meet me in my antechamber. Bring a scribe to score the games, Rei shall be the judge, and hold the stakes. But beware of the golden Cup of Pasht! Drain it not to-night, lest I win a love game, though we do not play for love!'

"The Prince went scowling away, and Meriamun laughed, but I foresaw mischief. The stakes were too high, the match was too strange, but Meriamun would not listen to me, for she was very wilful.

"The sun fell, and two hours after the Royal Prince of Kush came with his scribe, and found Meriamun with the board of squares before her, in her antechamber.

"He sat down without a word, then he asked who should first take the field.

"'Wait,' she said, 'first let us set the stakes,' and lifting from her brow the golden snake of royalty, she shook her soft hair loose, and gave the coronet to me. 'If I lose,' she said, 'never may I wear the uraeus crown.'

"'That shalt thou never while I draw breath,' answered the Prince, as he too lifted the symbol of his royalty from his head and gave it to me. There was a difference between the circlets, the coronet of Meriamun was crowned with one crested snake, that of the divine Prince was crowned with twain.

"'Ay, Meneptah,' she said, 'but perchance Osiris, God of the Dead, waits thee, for surely he loves those too great and good for earth. Take thou the field and to the game.' At her words of evil omen, he frowned. But he took the field and readily, for he knew the game well.

"She moved in answer heedlessly enough and afterwards she played at random and carelessly, pushing the pieces about with little skill. And so he won this first game quickly, and crying, '*Pharaoh is dead*,' swept the pieces from the board. 'See how I better thee,' he went on in mockery. 'Thine is a woman's game; all attack and no defence.'

"'Boast not yet, Meneptah,' she said. 'There are still two sets to play. See the board is set and I take the field.'

"This time the game went differently, for the Prince could scarce make prisoner of a single piece save of one temple and two bowmen only, and presently it was the turn of Meriamun to cry 'Pharaoh is dead,' and to sweep the pieces from the board. This time Meneptah did not boast but scowled, while I set the board and the scribe wrote down the game upon his tablets. Now it was the Prince's turn to take the field.

"'In the name of the holy Thoth,' he cried, 'to whom I vow great gifts of victory.'

"'In the name of holy Pasht,' she made answer, 'to whom I make daily prayer.' For, being a maid, she swore by the Goddess of Chastity, and being Meriamun, by the Goddess of Vengeance.

"''Tis fitting thou should'st vow by her of the Cat's Head,' he said sneering.

"'Yes; very fitting,' she answered, 'for perchance she'll lend me her claws. Play thou, Meneptah.'

"And he played, and so well that for a while the game went against her. But at length, when they had struggled long, and Meriamun had lost the most of her

pieces, a light came into her face as though she had found what she sought. And while the Prince called for wine and drank, she lay back in her chair and looked upon the board. Then she moved so shrewdly and upon so deep a plan that he fell into the trap that she had laid for him and could never escape. In vain he vowed gifts to the holy Thoth, and promised such a temple as there was none in Khem.

"'Thoth hears thee not; he is the god of lettered men,' said Meriamun, mocking him. Then he cursed and drank more wine.

"'Fools seek wit in wine, but only wise men find it,' quoth she again. 'Behold Royal brother, *Pharaoh is dead* and I have won the match, and beaten thee at thine own game. Rei my servant, give me that circlet; nay, not my own, the double one, which the divine Prince wagered. So I set it on my brow, for it is mine, Meneptah. In this, as in all things else, I have conquered thee.'

"And she rose and standing full in the light of the lamps, the Royal uraeus on her brow, she mocked him, bidding him come do homage to her who had won his crown, and stretching forth her small hand for him to kiss it. And so wondrous was her beauty that the divine Prince of Kush ceased to call upon the evil gods because of his ill fortune, and stood gazing on her.

"'By Ptah, but thou art fair,' he cried, 'and I pardon my father at last for willing thee to be my Queen!'

"'But I will never pardon him,' said Meriamun.

"Now the Prince had drunk much wine.

"'Thou shalt be my Queen,' he said, 'and for earnest I will kiss thee. This, at the least, being the strongest, I can do.' And ere she could escape him, he passed his arm about her and seized her by the girdle, and kissed her on the lips and let her go.

"Meriamun grew white as the dead. By her side there hung a dagger. Swiftly she drew it, and swiftly struck at his heart, so that had he not shrunk from the steel he had been surely slain, and she cried as she struck, 'Thus, Prince, I pay thy kisses back.'

"But as it chanced, she only pierced his arm, and before she could strike again I had seized her by the hand.

"'Thou serpent,' said the Prince, pale with rage and fear. 'I tell thee I will kiss thee yet, whether thou wilt or not, and thou shalt pay for this.'

"But she laughed softly now that her anger was spent and I led him forth to seek a physician, who should bind up his wound. And when he was gone, I returned, and spoke to her, wringing my hands.

"'Oh, Royal Lady, what hast thou done? Thou knowest well that thy divine father destines thee to wed the Prince of Kush whom but now thou didst smite so fiercely.'

"'Nay, Rei, I will none of him—the dull clod, who is called the son of Pharaoh. Moreover, he is my half-brother, and it is not meet that I should wed my brother. For nature cries aloud against the custom of the land.'

"'Nevertheless, Lady, it *is* the custom of thy Royal house, and thy father's will. Thus the Gods, thine ancestors, were wed; Isis to Osiris. Thus great Thothmes and Amenemhat did and decreed and all their forefathers and all their seed. Oh, bethink thee—I speak it for thine ear, for I love thee as mine own daughter—bethink thee, for thou canst not escape, that Pharaoh's bed is the step to Pharaoh's throne. Thou lovest power; here is the gate of power and

mayhap upon a time the master of the gate shall be gone and thou shalt sit in the gate alone.'

"'Ah, Rei, now thou speakest like the counsellor of those who would be kings. Oh, did I not hate him with this hatred! And yet can I rule him. Why, 'twas no chance game that we played this night: the future lay upon the board. See, his diadem is upon my brow! At first he won, for I chose that he should win. Well, so mayhap it shall be; mayhap I shall give myself to him—hating him the while. And then the next game; that shall be for life and love and all things dear, and I shall win it and mine shall be the uraeus crest and mine shall be the double crown of ancient Khem, and I shall rule like Hatshepu, the great Queen of old, for I am strong, and to the strong is victory.'

"'Yes,' I made answer, 'but, Lady, see thou that the Gods turn not thy strength to weakness; thou art too passionate to be all strength, and in a woman's heart passion is the door by which King Folly enters. To-day thou hatest, beware, lest to-morrow thou should'st love.'

"'Love,' she said, gazing scornfully; 'Meriamun loves not till she find a man worthy of her love.'

"'Ay, and then——?'

"'And then she loves to all destruction, and woe to them who cross her path. Rei, farewell.'

"Then suddenly she spoke to me in another tongue, that few know save her and me, and that none can read save her and me, a dead tongue of a dead people, the people of that ancient City of the Rock, whence all our fathers came.*

"'I go,' she said, and I trembled as she spoke, for no one speaks in this language when he has any good thought in his heart. 'I go to seek the counsel of That thou knowest,' and she touched the golden snake which she had won.

"Then I threw myself on the earth at her feet, and clasped her knees, crying, 'My daughter, my daughter, sin not this great sin. Nay, for all the kingdoms of the world, wake not That which sleepeth, nor warm again into life That which is a-cold.'

"But she only nodded, and put me from her,"—and the old man's face grew pale as he spoke.

"What meant she?" said the Wanderer.

Rei hid his face in his hands, and for a space he was silent.

"Nay, wake not *thou* That which sleepeth, Wanderer," he said, at length. "My tongue is sealed. I tell thee more that I would tell another. Do not ask,—but hark! They come again! Now may Ra and Pasht and Amen curse them; may the red swine's mouth of Set gnaw upon them in Amenti; may the Fish of Sebek flesh his teeth of stone in them for ever, and feed and feed again!"

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* Probably the mysterious and indecipherable ancient books, which were occasionally excavated in old Egypt, were written in this dead language of a more distant and now forgotten people. Such was the book discovered at Coptos, in the sanctuary there, by a priest of the Goddess. "The whole earth was dark, but the moon shone all about the Book." A scribe of the period of the Ramessids mentions another indecipherable ancient writing. "Thou tellest me thou understandest no word of it, good or bad. There is, as it were, a wall about it that none may climb. Thou art instructed, yet thou knowest it not; this makes me afraid." Birch, *Zeitschrift*, 1871, pp. 61-64. *Papyrus Anastasi* I, pl.X.1.8., pl.X.1.4. Maspero, *Hist. Anc.*, pp. 66-67.